THE CRY OF THE CLERK (See page 3).

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 146. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending Aug. 19th, 1911. ONE PENNY.

One of the "little things" that count:—

"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels fitted rightly on your boots are splendid savers of both your health and nerves.

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Obtainable in Jet Black, Brown, or Grey Rubber. To make sure of getting the genuine "Wood-Milne" (satisfaction depends on *that*) make sure to see "Wood-Milne" on each heel.

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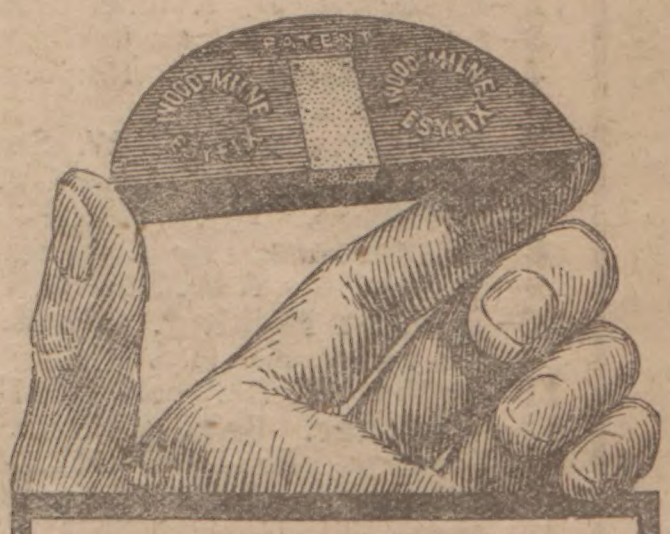

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The "ESYFIX" Tip embodies the same wonderful durability as all other Wood-Milne Rubber Heels and Tips.

Wood-Milne ESYFIX TIP

Two sizes for Men, and Two for Ladies

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 146. WEEK ENDING AUG. 19TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

USEFUL SWIMMING STROKES.

THREE THAT ARE WELL WORTH PRACTISING.

Once a man can float on the water with confidence, he should learn the "sculling" stroke. The body is kept quite straight, but instead of the arms being held out beyond the head, they should lie, palms downwards, along the side of the body.

By means of easy wave-like, semi-circular movements of the hands from right to left the body is kept floating and moving in the water, the recovery of the hands to the first position, after the stroke, being performed just as the oarsman feathers his blade.

"Sculling" is a very useful accomplishment, say, if you have ventured too far out into the sea, and, suddenly overtaken by fatigue, you wish to rest a little before going back.

Under such circumstances it is wisest to wait till your strength returns.

A stroke which is perhaps more ornamental than actually useful, though it is greatly applauded at exhibitions of swimming, is the "pendulum" stroke. This is done primarily from the floating position, too.

Lying flat on your back in the water, take a deep breath, and then move your head slowly forwards out of the water. At the same time, gradually and carefully draw your hands upwards to the back of your head. In this way your feet will sink slowly until your body is straight up in the water, your head emerging more or less according to your weight and capacity of lung.

Now sink your head slowly, at the same time stretching your arms forwards. This will bring your legs straight out behind you, until at last your body will be floating face downwards.

Next reverse each of these foregoing movements in their direct rotation, and you will float on your back again. Keep on doing it, and you will swing slowly backwards and forwards like a pendulum.

Throughout the performance breathe freely, but select the moments for filling your lungs judiciously, otherwise you will swallow more water than you care for.

Similar to the pendulum stroke is the action of revolving in the water.

Float on your back, with your thumbs locked, and inflate your lungs fully. Then turn your face to the right and exert the muscular force of your right side slowly. Then you will turn over and float on your face. You can keep on doing this by exerting the muscular force of both sides alternately.

A. BATEMAN.

CHEEK.

What made the Peer rage?

* * *

A London beak complains that this is a "sentimental and emasculated age." Some magistrates in the metropolis have certainly reached one.

* * *

A man who recently kicked a kitten to death is to be punished, appropriately enough, by being mewed up in prison for a whole month.

* * *

A lady writer has written what a weekly paper calls a "bush novel." One with a lot of leaves in it, I suppose.

* * *

"People go in for flying for various reasons," observes one who knows. A very ordinary reason is non-ability to meet the rent.

* * *

A new play is called "The Touch of Truth." If this sort of thing becomes popular, we may confidently expect "The Smell of the Daily Mail," "The Sight of the Methodist Recorder," "The Hearing of the War Cry," or "The Taste of Tit-Bits," at no distant date.

* * *

Advice is the only thing you can get at cost price, because it costs nothing.

* * *

"Boom" is the name of a new book by Mr. William Caine. If the author had been Hall of that ilk, the title would have been more appropriate.

* * *

The man who was recently charged with biting a horse's ear is the source of much interest in the Strand, whose denizens want to know how he does it, so that they may practise on human beings.

* * *

Our Fighting Editor is ready for the next wit who calls to say how pleased he will be to C. B. Fry at the head of the English Eleven for Australia.

* * *

Mr. Sievier owns a promising three-year-old in Sand Glass. I hope the trainer will not allow Sand Glass to get run down.

* * *

Backers had a good time on the last day of the Alexandra Park Meeting recently. In short, it is safe to say that they had an A. P. day.

* * *

A first-class wicket-keeper is called Dolphin. His eleven, Yorkshire, can be congratulated on the possession of a strong "tail."

J. S. COX.

WORMS.

DIFFERENT KINDS THAT ARE USED FOR ANGLING.

Although a good many fly-fishers will profess a lordly scorn for the man who uses the more humble worm, the latter has the laugh really, in that he probably catches more fish throughout the year, and with less trouble, than does the devotee of the fly.

Mention of flies suggests that we are writing chiefly of river fishing, but we will conclude with a word about worms for sea use.

One of the best baits for chub, though possibly highly precise naturalists may object that it is not a worm, is the caterpillar, of the hairy or the smooth variety.

Bait your hook with him, and deftly let him drop from one leaf to another of an overhanging bush into the water. Chub lie throughout the whole summer lazily under bush-shaded banks waiting for any insects, etc., that may fall from the leaves; and it is odds that your caterpillar will be eagerly snapped up.

River fishermen favour the gentle very much, too. This is the maggot that grows on decomposed meat—a rather unsavoury subject, by the way. It is for this reason that gentles are so difficult to obtain.

If you go to a butcher and ask him for some gentles, all you will get is a well-acted outburst of indignation. He will give you to understand that no meat in his shop is allowed to get into such a condition as to generate gentles. You will be advised to try some other, and inferior, meat purveyor further down the street.

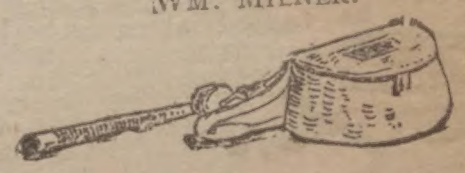
Your best plan is to get a small piece of cheap meat and keep it somewhere where it will not inconvenience you and yours. If you keep it long enough, you will obtain your own gentles, and quite quickly, too, in hot weather.

Sea-fishermen probably use more lug-worms than anything else. These are horrid, writhing, ringed creatures, sometimes hairy and of huge size, which are dug in the soft ooze when the tide is out.

The rag-worm, a smaller and more delicate one, is obtained in the same way.

If you are fishing fairly far out in a boat, the sand eel is a good bait. It can either be scraped out of the sand or caught in a small meshed net in muddy water. As it easily perishes, it should be towed to the fishing ground in a specially prepared perforated box, or else a basket of finely-woven withies.

WM. MILNER.



PIKANIK ASTRAY

A SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

A stake has been especially erected in my garden, and at this moment the culprit lies stretched full length within a couple of yards of me utterly unashamed of himself, wanting sometimes to get nearer to me, and having the brazen impudence to look as if he did not understand that the glistening chain attached to his collar represents the fetters of the convicted felon.

And this mortal dog in such an ignominious situation is none other than my recently acquired bull-terrier pup whose name is Pikanik, and whose sire is the aristocratic Champion Sam Lavender.

His mother, Minnie, most respectable of matrons, is as ashamed of him as I am.

I must relate to you the circumstance for your own guidance should you ever have a Pikanik, and for your sympathy if you have already got one.

It came of trusting too much in canine nature.

If you want to realise just how lax, easy going, and over kind-hearted you are, buy a puppy of any breed that is not "toy."

You will start as I started with this disgraced Pikanik of mine. As soon as you get him you will proceed to pay particular attention to the advice of the man from whom you bought him or who gave him to you. And that man will have said that you must not let him off a lead until he has almost grown to maturity, that you must feed him yourself, and, at all signs of rebellion, show him gently but firmly that *you* are his master. And this is necessary (you will have been told) because otherwise he will never follow you. Strict discipline from the outset is the thing.

Now, to take my own case, I call all my household to witness that I carried out every word of this advice to the uttermost letter with Master Pikanik. But I discovered ere the sun had gone down on the third day that I was entertaining an angel unawares. Chancing to let him off his lead in the garden, I whistled him, and straightway he left his bone and proved his breeding and good manners by coming straight to my heel.

Now that was good also on the count that he could hear me at all, which is always considered a good point with bull-terriers, for the general run of them are deaf.

Naturally I was pleased with him, and especially because he answered to my call.

By way of experiment, I walked on a few yards out of my garden. He still kept to my heel, stopping, though only a pup, when I stopped.

Wondrous dog! Thrice worthy son of a noble sire!

He stuck to me all the way to the Queen's Head Inn, where I sang his praises to an appreciative bar, who *had* heard of such things before (we have heard of everything in King's-Horton, and can cap any story you care to tell in the way of animal anecdotes), but "not a sight o' times."

This was a great admission. The most belauded of dogs answered not even to the calling of one of the dog sharps, but, from the sanded floor, he looked up to my face like a newly canonised saint, and said in his dog language, "Why does this futile man tempt me when I know very well out of my pure sweetness of disposition (which dispenses with the necessity of experience) that my place is by your knee and no one else's?"

From that day he was practically a free dog. Once I put him on the lead again and he trotted along soberly by my side, not

attempting to tug and plainly observing, "Well, you are a stupid sort of chap to go to the fag of holding me by a chain, but there, because of what other people have told you about ill-mannered pups, your slow intellect is inclined to apply it to me, so—well, I suppose you must do it. But, mind you, I am not going to make you think that you are doing anything useful by pretending I want to get away. Lead on, Macduff. I am in attendance as always—without this silly chain."

His behaviour was exemplary for the whole of that walk, and I did not want to establish in him a low estimate of his master's perception by submitting him to the purposeless indignity of a lead again.

In the future I just said to him before we went out, in the peculiar intonation he understood (dogs understand tone, I have found, not words), "We're *all* going for a walk!"—raising the "all" an exact octave above the rest, which is on one note, and straightway he followed me.

I come now to the story of his fall.

Bad company was his undoing.

The mongrel belonging to Lecky, the cobbler, is the blackguardly but (to Pikanik) wickedly fascinating dog that led him astray.

I cared not when, *en passant*, Pikanik stopped to growl at that half-caste, as I was a little pleased to see their acquaintance developing into this disdain on the part of the highly-born Pikanik.

"Get out of this village, you scum!" said Pikanik.

"Very well," replied the mongrel artlessly, "I will—and you come with me to the Town. Fine place the Town; beautiful fights, lovely butchers' shops, and water in little bowls outside every door. And it says 'Drink, puppy, drink,' on the bowls. They respect dogs there. I'll get out of this village and you come with me!"

Thus from the wily mongrel. But, alas, it was only the remarks of Pikanik that had come to my ears!

I walked on ahead full of blissful ignorant satisfaction. I did not bother to look round for five minutes, and then no Pikanik came to my whistle (which I have attempted to make distinctive). There was not a sign of the little man in sight.

I walked back; I went to the Castle of Chanticleer—at the back of Lecky's. Chanticleer, unmolested, reigned supreme among the ladies of his court, telling them plainly enough just how he would peck the eyes out of any dog that dared to storm the battlements.

Even the mongrel, had he been within a half mile of the vicinity, would have dashed up to assert that he held that territory only under his suzerainty. But Chanticleer, in the absence of that ill-bred Baron, continued to make boast.

I looked in at Lecky's. He laughed my query to scorn. There were "no bounds" to where dogs went. Sometimes his dog (ay, he called it a "dog") was away for days together, but he always came back. Pikanik, he said, would come back if he stuck to him.

A horrible thought thereupon assailed me. Would he not realise what shady society he was in and leave the mongrel, stranding himself on some country road, not knowing the way back?

I searched down all the bye-ways from the village and inquired of everyone, getting from the shopkeepers a promise that they would shut him up if they saw him. But that was all—promises and additions to my anxiety in the shape of observations from the dog sharps that he was growing into a fine dog and probably some fancier in the town—a favourite resort of the mongrels—would adopt him on sight. Why had I not kept him on a lead?

I explained.

They smiled at my ignorance. It was the way of all pups. They obeyed at first so as to get their liberty. Then, when they got it, they made use of it to run wild with other dogs—and mine a bull-terrier, too!

They sketched out vividly the future of a bull-terrier which, getting a taste of running wild in his youth, goes from that to fighting dogs, and thus along the road of canine depravity, to biting men. The final end is a summons for the owner for keeping a ferocious dog, and the animal is destroyed officially by the police.

That, then, was the predicted finish of Pikanik, by Champion Sam Lavender—Minnie.

A little light came from the carrier who, returning to King's-Horton, reported that he had seen him within a half mile of the town still in the company of Lecky's dog. The dog sharps suggested that I should go to the man who owned Pikanik's matron, and who lived in the town.

Forgotten was my lunch and all else but this Pikanik, to whom I now realised I was thoroughly attached.

To be dogless again! How dreary a prospect, and surely there could be no animal which I should like so well as Pikanik. Despite this stepping aside of his, he was a good little man.

I recalled a hundred of his good points in that tortured walk to the town. The [illegible] it seemed, I took to get there. . . . Alas, once there I had the further disappointment of seeing the mongrel in the High Street without Pikanik.

And now, in company with the man who owned Minnie, I scoured the streets, [illegible] leaving a description of Pikanik at the police-station—and all to no purpose!

He might have picked up with another dog, said my friend with sympathy, and gone to heaven only knew where in the county of Kent.

A kindly farmer drove me home, and I entered my empty house. Mrs. Hayes had had both Pikanik's supper and mine ready. She had heard I had gone down to the town, but nothing of my loss.

Briefly I recounted to her the details of my fruitless search.

Her regret banished the reproof that she had on the tip of her tongue for my wretched conduct in running away and spoiling a good lunch by not informing her that I should not be at home for the meal.

I ate my supper and walked into the dreary garden. High up was a [illegible] summer moon. I called out into the [illegible] evening, "Pikanik! Pikanik, boy!" And whistled, but nothing but the hoot of an owl answered me.

Somewhere in the void there was a motor car afar off. Perhaps the wheels of that very car had run over my wayward dog! I saw his fine head (approved by the dog sharps) still in death, his little eyes (pink rimmed and of correct formation) glazed.

The postman's knock in the morning woke me from the heavy daylight sleep that came

to one who has been racking his brain through the small hours.

An official letter from the constabulary! Now, what news? Had they found Pikanik or his body?

It was an awful opening of a letter.

And then—joy of the highest! They had found him. Even now he waited at the station for me to come and claim him.

I called down to Mrs. Hayes for breakfast at once, and then I paused.

Confound the little beast, I thought, how dared he give me all this trouble.

I went down to breakfast and declaimed that I would give him the whip when I got him back. It was useless for Mrs. Hayes to point out that I had not got one. I would buy one in the town—a real stinger. The bad-mannered little beggar!

I met the owner of Minnie, with the bitch to heel, just outside the police-station, whither in friendly fashion he was going to make inquiry for me. I told him the news and I brandished my newly-bought whip.

We entered into the room marked "Enquiries." The Inspector, very grave, sent a constable to the back.

Was this my dog?

He was on a thick chain such as would have held a bull to a stall.

"It is," I said, as in a witness-box.

He jumped forward as soon as he was released and greeted me with entire joy.

"Down dog!" I cried with angry contempt, creditably assumed for a mere amateur among actors.

And then he looked up at me sadly.

The Inspector picked up his pen to write down something on the big sheet in front of him.

"Ran away from you, I suppose, sir?" he said in a voice that inquires of a prosecutor whereabouts a youthful thief stole his purse.

I looked down at Pikanik. I became very weak in dealing with this matter. Even my grip on the whip relaxed.

I remembered that I had not answered the Inspector's query. I assumed a look of indifference, like a man who does not wish to put a blight on the boy thief's life, wherefore he says he will not press the case.

I caught Minnie sniffing at her son. She turned her head away disgustedly. One of her pups in the police-station! Faugh! One thing, he did not get it from *her* side of the family, surely!

I felt that Pikanik, pathetic disappointment at the lack of motherly interest showing in his eyes, had had sufficient punishment.

It was entirely my fault, Inspector," I said. "He is only a pup. I should have known better than to let him off his lead."

Having no case against the prisoner, I paid the costs (half-a-crown to the Inspector's Refreshment Fund) and walked out.

One day, however, I am determined to go down to the police-station and claim the nice three-and-sixpenny dog whip I absentmindedly left on the table.

RE-ARRANGING YOUR ROOM.

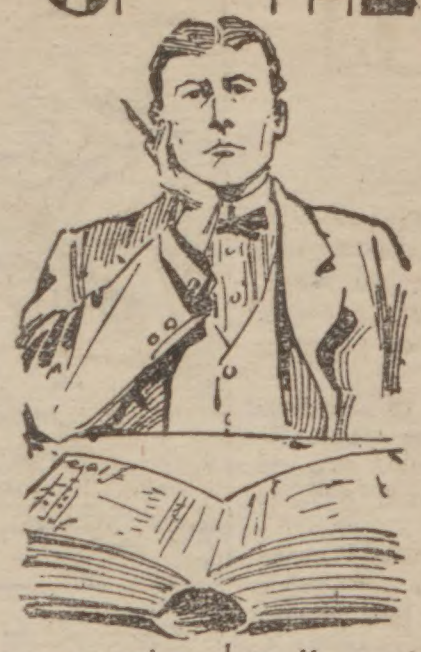
A man is more influenced by his surroundings than he admits, even to himself. Most men arrange their bedrooms—or their sitting-rooms, if they are lucky enough to have one—in the most convenient way, and allow the furniture to remain so placed year after year. It is a mistake, for in time one becomes tired of a room that always looks the same.

Change your bed from one position to another. You must, of course, leave your dressing-table in the window for the sake of the light, but the chest of drawers could be moved, and the wardrobe can be found a new place.

A re-arrangement of the pictures on the walls will also give the room a pleasant atmosphere of freshness.

THE CRY OF THE CLERK

THE TRUTH ABOUT A SWEATED PROFESSION.



Far above the hum of the City, above the rattle and roar of the motor-buses and the trains that dash through it at express speed, there rises a more poignant sound—a metaphorical cry that comes from thousands of clerks. For there is no profession which suffers from so many disadvantages and injustices as the once highly respected, but now miserably downtrodden, clerical order.

A skilled mechanic, a prosperous artisan, will perhaps earn £2 10s. or £3 per week. Compared with this the average wage of the clerk, who, of course, considers himself an infinitely superior person, is almost ludicrous. In London it is about 30s., and in the Provinces 25s.

But his grievances are not only monetary. They can be arranged under four distinct headings, in the case of each of which cogent arguments can be advanced. These are financial, economical, personal, and general.

THE COMPETITION OF INCOMPETENTS.

In the first place we have to blame our modern system of education for the majority of the clerk's woes. Just as the night-schools are turning out thousands of incompetent girls all over the country, so does every Council school flood the country with equally incompetent boys. The educational system has been a blessing to the nation as a whole, but a curse to the clerk, for this reason. The standard of wages is fixed by the incompetent rather than by the valuable employee.

This is how it happens. Suppose, say, that a vacancy occurs in an office for a skilled clerk. Advertisements are inserted in the newspapers, and scores of applicants call. The employer decides which man he wants and asks him the salary he requires. The applicant, in view of the fact that the job is an important one, will ask for £2 10s. a week.

"Oh, dear, no!" says the employer. "I have had an application from another man who only wants 30s." (He is careful, however, not to say that the man in question is an obvious incompetent.) "If I can get a clerk for that I can't think of giving twenty shillings more. But," he adds, with a generous afterthought, "I *might*, perhaps, give you, say, thirty-five."

GLAD TO GET IT.

The clerk's life is one of genteel but grinding poverty. His salary is so small that he cannot save a cent, especially if he is married, which, after the age of thirty, he generally is. The unfortunate applicant thinks of a pale-faced brood of children at home, and a woman whose face has long since been robbed of beauty by care attending to them wearily. So he sighs and accepts the 35s.

Again, there is the ever-increasing menace of female competition. Numbers of cases can be given of firms where men have grown grey in the service and have then been dismissed to make room for girls at half, and sometimes less than half, the salary the men received.

For instance, a large biscuit firm, whose name is a household word, has for some time past made a practice of taking girl shorthand writers at five shillings a week, and training them as ledger clerks. When they understand the work fairly well they are given a salary of £1 a week, which amounts to half the salary which the male ledger clerks were receiving.

Another great grievance of the clerk may be described as an economic one. It is a result of the growth of the Trust System.

Great firms are every day joining forces. In this way they reduce establishment charges, because one staff of clerks will nowadays manage several businesses, which are all affiliated to one great Trust.

Again, the Combine System undoubtedly crushes out the small employer and pushes him into the labour market to compete for a clerkship with the very men whom he used to employ.

And an even greater factor in the present plight of the average clerk may be called a personal one.

AN UNFORTUNATE CHARACTERISTIC.

He is strongly individualistic in character. His motto seems to be, "Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindermost." As a result of this spirit, we find every man fighting against his neighbour, trying to climb up on that neighbour's shoulders, and at the same time giving the said shoulders a vigorous kick to send their owner lower down.

Now let us consider the physical conditions of the clerk. He is on an average by no means robust. He does not eat enough—he can't afford to. And the office he works in is generally woefully insanitary.

There is a firm in Fenchurch Avenue, concerning whose employees I elicited the following facts:—The office they work in is underground, the ventilation is bad (if the doors are opened such a draught is created as to send papers flying about the room, and if the windows are opened, all the staff are choked by the dust and filth that comes down from the street), and as a result of this each member of the staff is periodically away ill.

This case is by no means exceptional. There are hundreds working under similar conditions within half a mile radius of the Bank.

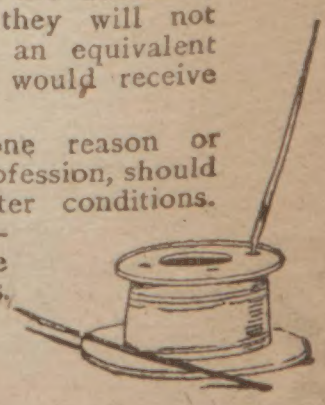
WHAT MUST BE DONE.

The remedy for all these evils is organisation. Until quite recently the clerk was affected with a somewhat snobbish spirit and considered himself too much of a "gentleman" to be banded with his fellow-workers as an artisan might. He was intolerant of organisation. But now his eyes are opened. He realises that he must have it or perish.

The National Union of Clerks, whose secretary, Mr. Herbert H. Elvin, kindly gave me the above information, is working towards excellent ends. Chief of these is a minimum wage of 35s. a week, after the age of twenty-one; and another is a forty-two hours' week. In addition the Union is trying to promote a Character Note Bill in Parliament to compel employers to give their employees a written reference on their leaving a firm.

Women clerks, by the way, are admitted, but only on condition that they will not under-cut men, but insist on an equivalent scale of payment that a man would receive for doing the same work.

Those clerks who, for one reason or another, cannot change their profession, should co-operate and fight for better conditions. Those who contemplate becoming clerks should pause and think again. D. HUGHES.



SPECULATION

A DIALOGUE.

By A. G. STORM.

They lay taking their ease on a Sussex hillside—two quite ordinary young men, clerks in London for all but two weeks in the year, now holiday-making and free, and letting loose their thoughts out of a sense of growing understanding.

The sun was setting in a sky of Turneresque beauty; peace and stillness reigned; beneath them the white dusty road wound ribbon-like on ahead, bare of either vehicle or man.

"It's a lame confession to make," said Beresford, with that new note in his voice which Stanley, until this holiday, had never previously heard from him, "but this scenery, this grand open country, doesn't appeal to me like—like streets do, and pavements crowded with people, and traffic roaring, and—and, well, humanity, all about you. I feel lonely here, when all's said and done. It shuts me out. Honour bright, old man, I'm not in sympathy with God's earth.

OUT OF HIS SPHERE.

"What's been happening to me? Has the City squeezed out my natural instincts? I'm enjoying all this, of course; but—but it's just as though I'd strayed on to forbidden territory—was a trespasser—could be kicked out by the Lord of the Manor if he happened to spot me. And I don't like it, old man. It's as though I'd been robbed of my birthright—part of my real self taken away from me. Do you feel the same?"

"I feel," said Stanley, who was slower-speeched and gifted with greater brevity, "that wherever we are we're shut out to a very great extent. It's the same in cities. Isolation. A sense of loneliness. Often I think that religionists are right in their belief that 'man's home is not here.'"

"You mean that, admitting some part of our real selves is actually lacking, it will probably be restored to us hereafter?"

"It's feasible," said Stanley.

FULFILMENT.

"And so, in that way, we shall enter into Heaven."

"Or, in other words, be fulfilled," said Stanley.

"Yes," said Beresford; and there came unconsciously into his face a yearning for the time to come soon.

"It's this perpetual ache of dissatisfaction," he went on. "It never leaves us—except when we're excited or drunk—and it's worse when we've achieved something—something we had specially set our hearts upon.

"What an irony there is in that fact, when you come to think of it!—the emptiness of accomplishment. It seems to suggest how pitifully little are all our efforts and desires, what fools we must look striving to do this or win that."

THE MAJORITY.

"And do you know, Stanley, I can't get rid of an innate conviction that the majority of mankind are an unsightly, mean-spirited, worthless lot. Only here and there do you come across one conspicuous by some quality of fineness. The rest!—oh, they're stupendously below excellence. What's the use of preserving them, anyhow? They're not worth it!"

"You mean endowing them with immortality?"

"Yes."

"Then what's the alternative?"

"Complete extinction of the individuality at death. Why not?"

"Men would have no heart to live, believing that all their efforts ended in the grave."

"But they don't end in the grave. A man may conceivably influence hundreds of lives long after he is dead. He may, paradoxically enough, not really begin to live until after he is dead. All of us have a hereafter in that sense, either brief or extended. But it doesn't postulate immortality by a long chalk!"

"A man," said Stanley, unwittingly cynical, "expects to enjoy his own reward *himself*. He doesn't care much about the hazy benefit he's conferring on others."

"Unless he's a great man," said Beresford.

"True; unless he's a great man," agreed Stanley.

Beresford was very thoughtful for a few moments.

A THEORY.

"There is one theory which appeals to me," he said at last. "It is that immortality is not an inheritance, but a gift. 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' The opportunity to win immortality is, perhaps, given to all of us; but we have got to win it by deserving it. If we prove ourselves of rather feeble value, then it's right and just that we should be destroyed.

"Why shouldn't the truth be that only the *best* are preserved? There's a magnificent encouragement in that, a fine incentive to *try!* Enter into a grand competition with mankind to gain this Heaven which is dumbly desired in the heart. The Sporting Chance. The High Adventure. I know nothing worse than grovelling in the mire of doubt. Believe that it's to be won; and fight on, plug on—like Bunyan's Pilgrim—or in the sheer egoistic ambition to be among the elect.

BELIEF.

"Why not? Why be content with mediocrity? What men want nowadays, Stanley, is *belief!* Not belief in the miracles of two thousand years ago, but belief in the possibilities in themselves. That's miracle enough, if it will land them in Heaven!"

"What sort of Heaven?" inquired Stanley speculatively. He was gazing out over the still and beautiful earth, and wondering perhaps at the incapacity of man to be content with what he has.

"I—I don't mean the orthodox Heaven," said Beresford, suddenly stammering. He was afraid he had been making an ass of himself. "Possibly a wider freedom, a—a fuller understanding. . . . We are limited here—I can't rid myself of the feeling that I'm like a bird in a cage; but beyond this, outside our limitations, there must be something; a whole inconceivable business of things which it would be wonderful to see. The Machinery of the Universe. Storehouses where Power proceeds from. Life-Force in process of manufacture. . . . Oh, it's fantastic! but there must be a tremendous lot going on that we don't know anything about. . . ."

"Ah," said Stanley.

And then they were silent, thinking, thinking. . . .

"It's a waste of time," said Beresford, hopelessly, at length, "to speculate."

"No," said Stanley soberly. "No, it isn't. It's the most wonderful part of our altogether wonderful being that we *do* speculate. It would be so simple for us to be born and to live and die here, imagining nothing more. Yet from the beginning men have asked: 'Where did we come from and whither are we going?' saying to God in effect: 'This is not good enough for us; what better have you got?' And it's the greatest mystery of all that He never answers—answers, that is, in a way that permits of no misunderstanding. . . . Shall we get on?"

AUTOMATIC MACHINES.

As a means of distributing matches and other small goods, automatic machines would have a far wider scope if their owners gave better value.

The box of matches which you get from an automatic machine is seldom more than one-third the size of that which you buy from a tobacconist. Therefore, you patronise the mechanical device only when a tobacconist's shop is not available.

There is no reason why the proprietors of automatic machines should not sell boxes of matches of a respectable size, for they have no wages to pay their mechanical "salesman," their only expenses being the initial cost and the salary of an agent who collects the money and re-fills a large number of machines.

FIRE AND THEFT.

The cautious householder always guards against loss by fire or theft by taking out insurance policies for fire and burglary respectively.

The premiums in both cases are extremely small in comparison with the benefits received, and yet the insurance companies dealing in this line of business wax rich because their customers do not know the extent of the claims they are entitled to make.

Supposing you hold a policy for fire, you are entitled to compensation if your servant carelessly puts down a hot iron on a table-cloth and burns it.

Similarly you are entitled to the value of any piece of furniture that may have been placed too near the fire and become scorched.

Then again, a burglary policy protects you not only against the housebreaker, but also against petty thefts that may be committed by your domestic servants.

INHOSPITABLE NOTICES.

Many of the gates of London suburban houses are decorated with the notice, "No hawkers. No circulars."

Nobody wants to be honoured with visits from hawkers, and few people desire the attentions of the bill distributor, but there is something inhospitable in having the fact announced in large enamelled letters on the garden gate. It is reminiscent of the old-fashioned notice, "Beware of the dog."

The latter notice, primarily intended to keep tramps away, had a very disquieting effect upon the friendly and legitimate visitor, for he or she felt that the dog might not have been sufficiently educated in the matter of selecting a suitable victim.

There is a similar misgiving in the heart of the visitor who pushes open a gate decorated with the "No hawkers. No circulars" placard. He feels that it might have been continued, "And visitors not particularly desired."

Within the extent of the writer's experience people who put this notice on their gates are not usually popular, either with their neighbours or with others whom they meet

W TO TACKLE A VICIOUS HORSE

By BILLY WAITE
Champion Rough Rider of Australia).

re in the Old Country a boy of s at school. At that age I was hool, too, but my school was not ace where you learned reading, ng, and arithmetic. It was a ent sort of establishment, where rned "bushmanship," and the to manage the vicious horses—aws," we call them—that I am to tell you about in this article. was at my own home in Proser- Queensland, that I first put over a horse, and after some spent helping to drove mobs of as we call cattle, I managed ck up enough horsemanship to my first buckjumping compe- at Bowen, Queensland, at the of sixteen.

nay interest you to know that at time hundreds of wild horses to roam about the ranges near ome. They had no owners, but ne who caught them could keep if he wanted to, but he gene- didn't.

hey are called "brumbies," and once en in they possess remarkable endurance. y are as hard as nails. I caught one once, n I was only fourteen, rode him after first few attempts, and soon broke him in oughly. And he came in very useful not after. This is how it was.

L-NIGHT RIDE.

boy was shot by accident at Glenyla, and nearest doctor was fifty-two miles away, Bowen. So I saddled my brumby—a fine —and rode off at about 7 p.m. You can gine the power of my mount when I tell that I came back with the doctor at 6 a.m. morning, having covered the 104 miles in en hours.

ut I'm afraid I'm talking rather a lot t myself (though it's your fault, Mr. or, for asking me to). Now I'm going xplain how vicious horses should be ridden, y opinion.

have never been a believer in the military e of riding, where a man sticks on by ping with his knees and legs. This is all well with a horse that is so tame that he t move out of his own way, but it can dly be called perfect horsemanship. A bad horse—a buckjumper, I mean—would n have you off if you could only ride with r legs.

VALUE OF BALANCE.

To ride a vicious horse it is much better to a balance rider. Though I don't want to rude my own methods over-much, I may that I never use my knees to a horse at I keep on solely by balance. It doesn't er if the saddle is half off, or whether on the horse's rump or his shoulders, I stick on by balancing myself.

How should one deal with a vicious horse? ell, that's a very difficult question, for ses are like men. Each has a different ure. Some are amenable to kindness; in are only made worse by rough treatment. sters—the majority, by the way—must be ered; and the quicker you do it the ter.

Jump on, and even if you are chucked off, on again, without the faintest sign of prehension. If a horse sees that you nk him even in the very slightest degree, he'll always be *your* master. Try to foresee what kind of jump he is going to do next and move accordingly. Give him a thorough hiding with your whip all the time, and sooner or later, if you retain your confidence, he will give in to you.

BILLY WAITE
(Drawn from life).

When I first get hold of a buckjumper, I simply jump on, and balance myself on his back, sliding backwards and forwards just as he moves, or, as we call it at home, "crawling all over him," sticking my thumbs into his neck, doing anything, in short, except gripping with my legs.

Here's a tip for riders with which everybody may not, perhaps, agree, but of the good sense of which I personally am convinced. The very fact of your gripping a bad horse with your legs is sufficient to let him know that you find difficulty in keeping on, and he takes advantage of you as a result of his own increased confidence.

It is strange how deceptive appearances are in the matter of buckjumping horses.

The worst kind to ride is the real bad kicking horse. His pet dodge is to stand quite stationary and firmly on his forelegs and kick his heels high in the air. He thus shoots you off over his head. If you are not a balance rider you can't ride him.

On the other hand, the animal who to all appearances is the most vicious beast ever foaled is the easiest to ride. He is the horse who keeps on bucking off the ground with all his legs in the air at once. He simply goes straight forward, doesn't try to shoot you downwards at all. All you have to do is to sit still.

SQUEALING WITH RAGE.

By the way, here's a point that most people don't know—and very often horrifies humanitarians of the old-womanish order. If a bad-tempered horse finds that he can't throw you, he'll often start squealing, kicking up a horrible noise. People who don't understand are apt to think you are hurting him; but it is only his way of showing his temper, just as a spoilt child does.

A rearing horse is one of the most troublesome beasts to ride, because he may possibly be pulled right backwards down on you, involving injury both to himself and to you.

When a horse rears, you should lean forward as far as possible on his neck, and put both your arms round it, bringing them together under his jaws. Not only does this bring your weight forward, thus lessening the risk of pulling him back on you, but it also tickles him in some sort of way (for horses are very sensitive in this respect), and makes him hold his head down and get on all fours again.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

One of the biggest jobs I ever tackled in my life was during the South African War, when I rode 450 horses in two and a half days for the Government inspection for active service at the front. On the first day I rode 250, which is, I believe, a record, trotting each of them fifty yards or so, and cantering them back. The "rogues" were cast aside, and only the tractable ones selected for service. I had six men catching and saddling them for me, so you can see it was very warm work.

It may interest you to know how I won the buckjumping championship of Australia, and how such contests are decided.

Seven years ago I met a man called Martini at Charters Towers, Queensland. He had a horse called Dargan's Grey, and he offered £5 to anybody who could ride him for a minute.

Well, I jumped on, rode Dargan's Grey without any trouble, and not only did Martini pay me the £5 at once, but he offered me a big contract to tour with his circus. So I did, and later challenged a man called Lance Skuthorpe for the buckjumping championship of Australia.

The conditions were that each of us was to provide the other with three of the worst "outlaws" we could find; and the one who put up the best performance on the other's rogues was to be winner. The verdict was to be given, as is the custom, by the spectators—a very fair method, don't you think?

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.

Well, I rode Skuthorpe's horses all right, using an ordinary English saddle, but he only tried *one* of mine, riding it for only seventeen seconds in a saddle that we call a "cradle" in Australia. This has projecting steel-flaps, covered with leather, to come just over the knees when riding, and assisting in a large measure to keep a man on. Well, the public and the referee gave me a unanimous verdict as the winner.

Finally, here is my advice to men who have to ride vicious horses. Although it is a long business, learn to ride on the balance. And the way to do this, summed up in a nutshell, is to "watch the way he is going to go and to go with it."

BILLY WAITE.

THE CHAUFFEUR'S CHANT

See her scarlet bonnet gay,
See her chassis low and long,
Listen when I turn the crank,
To her happy, humming song;
Hear the throbbing of her heart,
Tempered steel, and every beat
Finds an echo in my own—
Where's the woman half so sweet?
Don't you seem to hear her say:
"Hurry up, get under way!"

Give her drink of gasoline,
'Tis the life-blood of my car;
Tighten every bolt and screw
To withstand each jolt and jar.
Clearly burns the vital spark,
Smooth and punctureless the tires,
Sound and steady all her nerves,
Which are made of shining wires
She begins to wheeze and cough,
She is eager to be off.

Now the trees are gliding by;
Pull the throttle open wide.
Roofs and fences past us go
As she settles to her stride.
Like an arrow to the mark,
Like the meteor from the sky,
On the wings of fire and steel
Fairly she begins to fly.
Faster, faster, let her go.
Clear the track before us, 'ho!

How the breezes whistle by,
When the road is good and straight!
All the people stop and stare,
Wondering what will be our fate;
Oh, the glory of the hour
When you feel beneath your hand
Such a thunderbolt of power,
Strength and speed at your command.
Toot the horn and whirl the wheel,
'Tis the merry, mad 'mobile.

M. IRVING.

THREE ON A 'BUS

A LONDON EPISODE.

By ADAM STERN.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and they came running across the road and took up their stand beside me, by the lamp-post where I was waiting for a motor-'bus.

They were three little urchins, not much older than seven or eight, I should say, ragged and barefooted, and unmentionably dirty.

They lined up alongside the kerbstone, their heads all turned in the same direction, and looked expectantly along the road, tossing comments from one to the other which bore the import that they, too, were contemplating a journey. I guessed they intended a surreptitious hanging on behind.

They were lively little beggars, and I felt prompted to give them some coppers. They took me into their confidence as a result of this friendly overture.

"We're goin' for a ride on top o' the 'bus," they chirruped.

I looked at them twice to see that they weren't "kidding" me.

"You mind the conductor doesn't say he won't take you on," I warned them.

I had to become more explicit.

"You want washing," I said.

They glanced at each other with some trouble in their eyes.

"Better go somewhere and get cleaned up a bit," I recommended.

* * * * * * *

They seemed to think the advice was worthy their fair consideration. Opposite was a tobacconist's shop with an advertisement-mirror which caught their attention. They ran across, and the one who had a cap pulled it off and spat on it and rubbed it vigorously over his face. The other two performed a like office with their hands.

They came back, looking much about the same, and asked me whether I thought they would do. Just then a 'bus rattled by "full up," and after a futile dash after it they returned, lining up along the kerbstone again, and evidently more anxious than ever.

"What about your feet?" I asked them.

"Oh, nobody'll look at our feet," they answered, disgusted.

The next 'bus was likewise apparently "full up," but it came to a stop and one or two passengers alighted, and the three urchins crowded round the foot of the steps, eager to be the first to get on.

"Here! What do you want?" said the conductor. "Get back, get out of the way."

They explained in shrill voices their intention.

"No room," he intimated, with his hand going up to the bell-string.

I intervened with an appeal to his good-nature. "They're all right; they've got their fare," I said.

"Jump up, then," he consented, and they scrambled up the stairs on fingers and toes as fast as they could go.

There were seats vacant after all, but they refused to take advantage of them, sitting on the floor and blocking up the passage-way instead.

To my surprise each produced a handful of coppers. They called out, shrilly, comparing the amounts they had got.

"Where'd you get all that money from?" inquired a male passenger, severely.

"Pinched it, o' course," was the prompt retort. "Wadda you think!"

The conductor, coming up, almost trod on the nearest to the steps. "Mistook you for a beetle," he explained.

Two of them took penny tickets; the third, for no apparent reason save extravagance, indulged in a twopenny one.

At the first stopping-place they jumped to their feet and crowded down the steps with a haste that suggested the fun was about to begin instead of already at an end.

"You needn't get off yet," said the conductor. "This ain't the penny stage."

"Ain't it. We thought it was." And back they came again without an instant's delay, and resumed their former positions without a trace of self-consciousness.

They were so abundantly enjoying themselves that everybody was smiling. Gone was our defensive reserve. We exchanged remarks with them, laughed over their *naïveté*, endeavoured to rival their ready repartee. Not a man of us, I will wager, but was gladdened by the sight of their capacity for happiness. We, who had so much more than they, could yet not summon up such cheerfulness of our own accord.

* * * * * * *

They tumbled off the 'bus at last, and I followed them, curious to see what diversion they would get up to next.

They made for a tobacconist's, where one of them went inside and asked for a packet of Woodbines "for farver." But the ruse was unsuccessful.

Then they expended many minutes in a critical survey of the contents of a sweet-shop window, disappeared within, and emerged with preoccupied mien.

Afterwards they made progress to a penny-in-the-slot machine, attempted rather desultorily to force an ejection without payment, and dissipated a further portion of their capital.

Then inspiration appeared to fail them. They hung about listlessly for a time; finally, with a sudden recrudescence of liveliness, they scampered off among the people.

And that was the last I saw of them.

HALL-MARKED, BUT DIRTY.

Men are very particular that the silver articles which they carry about with them should be hall-marked and genuine. A man takes no pride in a plated watch or cigarette case. He wants to have these things of solid silver, and the same applies to the mount of his pipe.

But as soon as he is possessed of these things he appears to lose interest in them. Anyhow, he lets them become woefully dirty, and all for the lack of an occasional rub with some whitening and a damp cloth.

On some men silver discolours more quickly than on others, but the acids exuded from the body are bound to discolour the metal sooner or later. This applies especially to wristlet watches, which are exposed to the air and are likely to get splashed with water when you wash your hands.

A rub once a fortnight, or even once a month, will keep your silver possessions bright.

DOOR-KEY DANGERS.

THE LATEST PHASE OF DAYLIGHT BURGLARY.

There have recently been several daring daylight burglaries in London, and the methods adopted by the thieves should be a warning to all those who take possession of a new house.

It has been ascertained that certain of the criminal fraternity make it a practice to call upon house agents in different districts and to ask permission to view any houses that may be vacant.

In some cases the house agent sends one of his assistants to show them over the premises, but that spoils the thieves' game, and they always try to dispense with this courtesy on the part of the agent. What they want is the keys of as many houses as they can get, and usually, by protesting that they do not like to give the agent so much trouble and are quite prepared to view the premises without assistance, they manage to secure the keys of several vacant houses.

Their examination of these houses is thorough. They draw sketch maps of the rooms and stairs and make copious notes as to the best means of escaping quickly from the premises. Then they take a wax model of the front door latch-key, and pass on to the next empty house.

They then return the keys to the agent, with the assurance that one of the houses might be suitable, but that they prefer to have a look at some others before coming to a final decision. Needless to say, they do not trouble that agent again.

When they have carried out a campaign of this kind throughout a whole district, their next move is to have the empty houses watched.

This is done by one of their number making a daily tour of inspection. He is armed with a list of the houses that have been marked down for future burglary, and as soon as he finds that a tenant has taken possession of one of them he acquaints his confederates of the fact.

A close watch is now placed upon that house, the watcher generally being a small boy, or sometimes a couple of youngsters, who can play in the street and keep an eye upon the house without exciting suspicion.

The houses generally selected by these thieves are those of people who keep only one servant, or who do not keep a servant at all.

The movements of the members of the family are duly noted, and the blow is generally struck when some are away on holiday. Of the others, some will be absent at business for certain definite hours well known to the thieves, while perhaps one is left to keep house, usually one of the daughters.

The watcher having made his report, and it having been decided that the time is ripe, the thieves take his place, and wait patiently till the solitary housekeeper goes out to do some shopping. The chances are a hundred to one that she simply closes the self-locking front door behind her. All the thieves have to do is to open the door with the duplicate key which they have made, and to ransack the house.

One of their number follows the girl as she does her shopping, and is ready to dash back to the house and give warning should she return unexpectedly.

This form of burglary is much safer than that which is committed by night, for the neighbours are entirely unsuspicious of any noise they may hear in the house during the day, and if they see a man approaching the front door they presume he is a workman.

The only way to guard against this type of criminal is, on taking a house, to have the existing lock removed from the front door and a new one put in its place. This generally frustrates their plans, but they may, of course, take the risk of forcing the door with a jemmy. They are, however, usually timorous of doing so, because of the risk of being heard and surprised by the neighbours.

FRANCIS ARCHER.

VISUAL TRAINING.

HOW THE SOLDIER IS TAUGHT TO USE HIS EYES.

Of the lessons provided by the last South African War, perhaps the most important was the very great necessity for giving our troops visual training.

The close of hostilities found the authorities convinced that thorough systematic training of the eyesight was destined to be in the future a subject of instruction and training of the utmost importance.

They found on arrival in South Africa that the Boers possessed wonderful powers of vision, powers which our troops sadly lacked. Herein doubtless lies the secret of the cause of many of our initial failures in the campaign.

The eyes of the Boers had been trained from their childhood's days in the pursuit of game. Our men, on the other hand, had simply been trained in shooting at large black and white targets, which, of course, had waited to be shot at, at the leisure of the firer.

The Boers thus held an enormous advantage, which they exercised to the full.

The battlefield is now simply a void. The noise of heavy firing is heard, and the bullets fly thick and fast, and scarcely a man is seen at whom to take aim.

This almost perfect invisibility is due to the wearing of clothing of a colour calculated to achieve that end—that is, the khaki of our own and the grey of Continental armies.

And yet practice at picking up indistinct targets works wonders.

Recruits in our Army are now trained from the very first, and soon acquire the habit of defining moving things in the landscape.

There are still many doctors who, when passing men as being medically fit for the Army, pay insufficient attention to the soundness of their eyesight.

Yet training that is properly carried out will always bring a fair measure of success, even if the man's eyes are far below the average in keenness.

The training in our Army is progressive, and commences on the barrack square, where recruits are given such simple tasks as counting windows, chimney pots, and men in uniforms, and describing the dress of the latter.

Soon dummy targets of various sizes and colours are scattered about the square, and the tests given in this manner are gradually made more difficult by placing the targets in front of a background of a similar colour to the target.

In the next stage the men are taken into the open country and are required to observe fatigue men placed out in various positions and at different distances away, and demonstrations take place showing how movement attracts the eye that is observant.

Following this, the men are given about ten seconds to study a certain portion of ground and then are turned about and are required to describe it from memory.

Men are encouraged to study the country passed through during a route march, and are asked questions on returning to barracks as to what they have seen.

The final stage of instruction consists of studying ground from a military point of view—that is, pointing out from a distance portions of ground likely to be suitable for defensive positions, camps, and so forth, the verification of the unaided eyes' impressions by the use of field-glasses, and the recognition of horses, wagons, etc., at the longer ranges.

Apart altogether from the direct utility of such instructions, work of this description stimulates the soldier's thinking powers and teaches him to take a real interest in the profession he has chosen.

O. M.

FACE MASSAGE FOR MEN.

YOU CAN'T ALTER YOUR FEATURES, BUT YOU CAN IMPROVE YOUR SKIN.

It is no more effeminate for a man to massage his face than it is for him to brush his hair or his finger-nails. Women know the value of face massage, and it is even more necessary to men, for, owing to the conditions of their work, their skin is more likely to become clogged with dirt and lined with the wrinkles of worry.

Steaming the face.

The first thing to do is to fill a basin with boiling water, strip to the waist, and to hold your face above the basin, covering your head and the edges of the basin with a towel, so as to keep the steam in.

From time to time during the process it will be necessary for you to raise the towel and take a breath of air.

When the face has been subjected to this treatment for a minute or so, sweat will be exuded from every pore, and it will bring all the dirt that lies below the surface with it.

The face should now be well washed with soap and water in the ordinary way. It should then be rubbed liberally with cold cream to soften the skin, and you should massage with the tips of your fingers all those places where lines are inclined to show.

Treatment for the eyes.

One of the first signs of weariness or of age to appear on the face is fulness underneath the eyes. This can be removed by placing the tips of the fingers at the outside corners of the eyes, and drawing them firmly and slowly upwards and outwards across the temples. Repeat about twenty times.

Besides removing the bagginess underneath the eyes, this treatment will eradicate any tendency to "crows' feet" forming at the outer corners.

A similar treatment applies to the mouth. Place the finger-tips firmly at the corners of the mouth, and draw them upwards and outwards over the cheeks to the ears. If lines run from the nose down to the corners of the mouth cold cream should be rubbed well into them.

To remove any lines appearing on the forehead, you should massage them with the finger-tips, this time using a steady circular motion, pressing fairly hard upon the skin.

Removing wrinkles from the forehead.

It is astonishing how quickly hollow cheeks can be rounded out by five minutes' massage every morning and evening, but wherever it is desired to fatten the cheeks an extra supply of cold cream should be rubbed in, for this will be absorbed by the skin, and will nourish its tissues.

It is well to allow the cold cream to remain on the face overnight, as the skin will absorb a great deal of it during the hours of sleep.

R. F. BOULTER.

PREPARING FOR SEPTEMBER.

WHAT PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLERS ARE DOING NOW.

When these lines are in print the Association football season for 1911-12 will be within the hail of a fortnight or so, but it is hard—nay, painful—to think that the men who will turn out for the big clubs all over the country are at the present moment doing just as hard work, if not harder, than they will be called upon to do during the actual season.

While the August sun is blazing down on the parched grass of their field, and their amateur brothers are laying in quiet backwaters up-river, or luxuriating with iced drinks in shady spots, or disporting themselves in cool sea-water, these professional heroes are playing football—football—as hard as any Cup-tie—in sweltering August weather!

It is a big test of stamina. The man who can last through two hard-fought forty-fives in August can usually be relied upon to go the whole season, bar accidents, without a rest.

On the other hand, many a man will crack up under the strain. He will, perhaps, last the first half out all right, but when the game is resumed he will turn pale and "groggy."

There are a great many people who decry the habit of most of the big "pro." clubs of playing practice matches, say "Whites v. Blues," or "First Eleven v. The Reserves," and charging a small entrance fee, nominally to be devoted to charity. Some critics are unkind enough to say that the percentage of such gates which is absorbed by the clubs for "expenses" is more than is warranted for such a purpose.

But, however this may be, it has not much to do with the subject of ante-season football, except that, in the opinion of many experts, the professional footballer does not really need the strenuous August practice that he is made to undergo.

In nine cases out of ten, the baseball and other games which the men are made to play, to earn, I suppose, the salary which is paid to them even throughout the summer months, is sufficient to bring the men on to the field in fit condition at the commencement of the season.

Compare with this, however, the professional footballer's actual average week-day during the greater part of August.

Monday: On the field at about 10 a.m. Fast hundred yards sprints till about 11, ball-punching till 11.30, hot bath followed by cold plunge, and home to dinner. At 2.30 more sprinting on the track, or else skipping in the gym. Rub down and home.

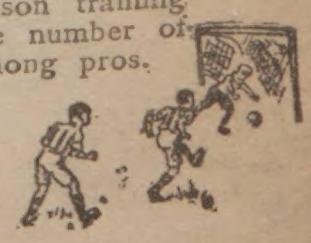
Tuesday: Long, fast walk of five or six miles with the rest of the eleven, rub down and dinner. In the afternoon ball-punching, skipping, etc., till 4 p.m. Then a hot bath and cold plunge, and home to tea.

Wednesday will see, perhaps, a morning's running on the track (in most cases a cinder one, for the special action required for this is supposed to be very beneficial to the calf muscles), and the afternoon may be spent in the same way.

Thursday morning will probably be a blank one, for there is often a practice match in the afternoon to attract "early closing" employees; and Friday will very likely be a slack day, too, in view of another practice match on the following afternoon.

Thus you can see that the pro. is almost busier during the time of his preparation than during the season, for during the latter he has very seldom to play more than one match a week. And it admits of question whether this strenuous ante-season training is not responsible for the large number of "crockings" that take place among pros.

H. WALTERS.



BILL JACKSON'S REVENGE.

AN EPISODE.

When Fred Taylor quarrelled with Bill Jackson over a right of way, Fred never gave Jackson credit for harbouring revenge.

But Bill was a nasty fellow to cross, besides which Fred's was only a legal victory, not a moral one.

Not that that mattered to Bill. It would have been all the same anyway.

Bill waited his time and Fred forgot all about the matter, and looked upon Bill quite as an old friend. He'd won, you see, and Bill had lost. That does make a difference to a man's outlook.

Bill's chance came at last.

Fred dabbled in horseflesh, while Bill did a thriving trade at the game.

Bill let it be given out that he had a "clipper."

It reached Fred's ears as Bill meant it should. A dark horse stimulated Fred's curiosity. If Bill kept it so close it must be a flier, he argued.

He approached Bill, who did not appear over anxious to sell.

At last he agreed to let Fred see the horse.

In colour he was a bright bay, with black mane and tail, and his action was spirited.

Fred thought himself a grand judge, but it was his mistake. Bill looked on, with a face about as expressive as a corn bin.

Fred bought the horse, not knowing that Bill had got him on purpose for him.

And if Fred could have seen the look on Bill's face as the horse was led away he might have been spared the most terrible experience of his life. Bill looked like the Fiend Incarnate.

Fred rode his new purchase. He was in high good humour. The horse pleased him, and really, when he came to think of it, Bill had asked quite a reasonable sum for the "Doomsman." He didn't care for the name, though. He half thought he'd change it, only Bill might be offended if he did.

"Fred, do you think he's got a good temper?" asked his wife as she looked at him.

"Certainly, my dear, perfect."

And if a horse ever winked at a fool's credulity, the Doomsman did then.

"Do you intend to hunt with him next season?"

And Fred said he did, little dreaming that his chances of hunting were rather in favour of the Happy Hunting grounds in worlds beyond our ken than the ground covered by the famous Battismore Pack.

Fred mounted the bay and set out.

The day was fine, the road good, and the Doomsman in the pink of condition. But he was a bit lazy, so in addition to a light touch of the whip, Fred let him have his spurs.

That settled the question, and pretty nearly Fred.

The prick of Fred's spurred heels roused all the evil temper of the brute.

He tried by every means known to a vicious beast to get Fred unseated; then he lowered his head, got the bit between his teeth, and made a clean bolt of it—the course a lonely stretch of moorland, the goal a disused shaft with death at the bottom.

Fred got one foot out of the stirrup, the other stuck fast.

Nearer to the pit they raced. Could he get it loose? Could he pull up in time?

At last he freed his other foot and slipped off—down—down into unconsciousness. He had fallen on the turf by the roadside and was only stunned.

The horse lies still at the bottom of the shaft.

Bill Jackson thinks he had his revenge, for Fred never rode a horse again.

CHARLES WATSON.

THE HUMAN SIDE

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

HOLIDAYS AND OTHER THINGS.

A great many people write at this season of the year about holidays. I suppose each one of us has written, or read, from time to time, exact descriptions of how to make the most of a holiday, how to do it most luxuriously, or most economically, how to take a holiday that shall be of the nature of a rest cure and a mind cure, and how to take a holiday which will rush you through as much sight-seeing as even the heart of an American tourist could desire.

I do not propose in this paper to add to the number of articles on this subject.

I have always had a certain amount of sympathy with the ways of the doctor who makes a rule of telling his patients they mustn't.

"What are you eating?" is the bland inquiry. "Oh, beef? Very bad for you—knock off beef." "You only eat roast meat? Try boiled."

I suppose we have all been there some time or other, and shall probably be there again. Some of us go away and faithfully do the doctor's bidding, and some of us listen meekly, and say within our souls that we will see him hanged first. Doctors are seldom hanged.

AN EASY WAY.

I say I have always a certain amount of sympathy with these good gentlemen, because they take a short road and an easy one; just the same as in that picture of Du Maurier's in "Punch"—the picture of the elder sister: "Where's baby?" "In the next room." "Go and see what she's doing, and tell her she mustn't."

I told you that I was not going to talk about holidays as they are usually talked of. No, I am going to talk to you about those who never go away for their holidays. They are many.

I know a man occupying a very high and arduous position in London, who for at least ten years only spent three nights out of the metropolis. That was on the occasion of his mother's death. They occupy an extravagantly expensive house.

There are thousands of people in London who do not know what it is to go away for their yearly holiday.

They have holidays. Everyone who is employed has a certain amount allowed as vacation out of the fifty-two weeks which comprise the year.

How many clerks, and what one may call the small fry of social life, are there living in the suburbs and cheaper parts of London who always spend their holidays in their own homes—clergymen, doctors, busy city men, to whom the upheaval of domestic life and a sojourn on a more or less vulgar sea-board affords neither rest nor pleasure?

They may be numbered, not in their thousands, but in their tens of thousands.

FUTILE INSTRUCTIONS.

It is no use instructing these people how to winter in Egypt, how to take a tour of the world, or how to go to Switzerland for twelve guineas. They do not want to do the first, they cannot afford the second, and many of them would think it rather wasteful to indulge themselves in the third.

Besides, everybody does not like spending a good share of the precious fortnight in railway trains, and there are many thousands of incomes which quite comfortably stretch over the needs of the year but which altogether jib at a twelve-guinea tour to Switzerland.

Now, let me advise all those who have two or three weeks' holiday in the summer, and who neither wish nor are able to go away and spend it in fresh fields and pastures new, to pass these weeks exactly as if they were away out of their own homes—to let themselves go out of their regular routine.

Let me suggest a day for a busy city man, say a clerk, who has not to go to the city for a whole fortnight.

He has a charming little terrace house, or perhaps a semi-detached villa in some pleasant green suburb. He is accustomed to waking at a fixed hour and to catching a particular train. Let him take his breakfast in bed to begin with, lie luxuriously back for a whole hour or more longer than he is accustomed to.

SIMPLE AMUSEMENTS.

Then let him get up and garden, if gardening is his hobby; or go for a cycle spin, if cycling is his hobby. Do anything that is rather untidy than otherwise.

Then let him go to the nearest swimming baths, or the nearest Turkish baths, and have a luxurious swim or tub.

If this does not please him, let him take care to have a luxurious tub at home in the morning, in which he can wallow for half an hour at least.

Then let him stroll out and talk to his neighbours, admire the view, take a little walk, or get on the top of a 'bus and take a ride. In short, let him idle the time away until lunch.

He won't eat a heavy lunch—no; but, on the whole, for the spending of a holiday, it is wise if he makes his principal home meal at one o'clock.

Supposing that he has three children, and that his wife is not a very strong woman, and they are determined to make the most of their holiday. Let them, in the afternoon, go somewhere near with the children, either to some museum or to Kew, or to Hampton Court Palace, or the White City, or the Earl's Court Exhibition.

IN THE EVENING.

Let them go somewhere during the afternoon, then take the children home, for probably there is a maid who can put them to bed. If not, let the wife charter some friend or relation to come in and stay in the house.

If the money will run to it, a bit of dinner taken outside is nearly as good as a trip to Switzerland. One can dine luxuriously in various parts of London for 1s. 6d. a head, and the smallest of tips to the waiter.

After dinner let the couple go to some place of entertainment, one of the theatres where you can book in any part of the house, to one of the exhibitions, or even a good ride on a motor-'bus from, say, Hammersmith or Putney to Hornsey Rise or Finsbury Park.

No horrible discomfort of strange beds, no children worn to death by being dragged from cheap lodgings a good mile from the seashore. The comforts of home and a complete change by the simple method of following the doctor's plan—do the exact opposite.

For the man who wears highly-starched collars every day of the week, let him spend the fortnight in a tennis shirt.

DOING THE UNACCUSTOMED.

In short, let him persistently do the odd thing, and he will go back to his office as brown and as well as if he had spent the fortnight on the moors.

I care not what class you may belong to, if you cannot go away for your holidays take your holidays where you are.

Eat your food out of your own house, make absurd picnics, be unconventional, be unlike your regular routine, and you will have a better holiday than ever you enjoyed at Mudborough-by-the-Sea.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

A POWERFULLY DRAMATIC STORY.

The Price of a Soul

By ROBERT OVERTON.

(Dramatic rights reserved.)

The hands that held the breviary from which Father Sebastian was reading the concluding portion of the day's indispensable office were so white and so thin that as the candlelight played upon them they appeared almost transparent.

The hands accorded well with the priest's tall, lean and attenuated frame.

The pale face and form were eloquent of a long story of fastings and scourgings and mortifications.

But the eyes, dark-brown eyes were of the kind that women love, for they told of tenderness as well as tenderness; it was easy to see that at once they had been bright and are now holy than the light that filled the church.

Those eyes might be women—even now—would sigh to think that on such lips as his there was no kiss of theirs might linger.

An old-fashioned clock that stood near the foot of the old life-sized crucifix in the far corner of the uncarpeted, sparsely furnished room struck the hour of ten.

It was a late hour at which to finish his day's work of the office, but Father Sebastian had been far afoot that day; he had walked many miles across the country to visit and bless a peasant's parting soul, and the dusk had overtaken him as he journeyed home.

He looked for a cup of coffee and a slice of dry bread soon after the morning's eight o'clock meal, for his fast all day had been unbroken; he could not eat now before twelve, or fast until after the Mass of the morrow's morn.

He moved—as one who moved to perform a duty rather than as one who sought indulgence or needed gratification—and walked into a smaller room adjoining, returned, bringing with him bread, some cold meat, and a jug of water.

He placed upon the table, but did not sit down to them. Instead, again he walked along the covered archway that led from the presbytery to the little chapel at which he served, he reached the vestry, the further door of which opened into the church.

Here on his feet he slipped into the holy sandals and the red glow of the ever-burning lamp that swung, suspended from the roof, in front of the tabernacle, fell, as he passed on the shrouded glories of the shrine, the centre of which he paused, and knelt, and bent his body low before the Real Presence, until his forehead touched the lowermost step.

Then Father Sebastian prayed—as on the same spot and in the same attitude—he prayed every night.

And always the burden of his prayer was the burden of to-night:

Lord, visit not upon her soul but upon mine, here and hereafter, the sin of my youth.

Always the thought of that ceaselessly-remembered sin weighed more heavily upon him than ever; it scorched his soul. His own tears could never avail to heal the wound—but the fingers of Mercy, with the balm of soothing in their touch, might, he knew, be laid upon it if he continued to kneel in prayer.

Forgetting all else, he prayed far into the night.

And if his long fast remained unbroken, it would well be that his wasted body would be equal to the priestly duties of the next day.

He must rise now, and eat before he

With the name of the Virgin-Mother upon his lips, he crossed himself upon forehead and breast and shoulders, passed from chancel into vestry, along the dark passage-way, back into his sitting-room.

As he opened the door and walked in he started back, checking an involuntary exclamation of surprise, for since he left the apartment some one had entered it.

Hooded and veiled, a woman was in the chair he had vacated an hour before.

She must have lifted the latch of the seldom-bolted front door and ensconced herself, where she sat to await his return.

Had a penitent sought him so late at night, or did the stranger bear a sick call from some distant sheep of his scattered flock?

"Father Sebastian?"

"I am Father Sebastian"—and with dignified courtesy he bowed his prematurely grey head.

A rippling peal of laughter from the woman's lips rang through the room.

She rose to her feet, and with one quick movement threw up her veil.

"Are you 'Father Sebastian' to me, *Jack?*"

Not for ten years had anyone called him by that name—he had left it behind him with the life that preceded his vows.

"Jack!"

With a look in them—a look indescribable—his eyes glared into hers, full of mocking mirth—mirth that veiled a set purpose till she should choose to disclose it—the purpose that had brought her there.

"Adela!"

The word fell convulsively from his lips at last—they had only moved in impotent attempts to utter it before.

"'Adela' to you still, Jack, if you like—'Adela' to you again, if you will."

She spoke the last words with sudden softness. He shivered at it.

"But to you only. For, to all others, I have changed my name—like you. Don't you know the name by which the world—or a good many people in it, for I've not been on the stage of French burlesque for nothing—know me."

He placed his trembling hands behind him that he might feel the support of the wall, and said, very slowly:

"I do not know."

"Then let me tell you"—and she pronounced the name of a woman known in half the capitals of Europe. So notorious had been the scandals associated with it that even to this village priest it was not unfamiliar.

He moaned as he heard her claim it as hers—and then for the first time she showed a sign of the consuming passion of hatred within her.

"Why do you groan at the name you gave me?" she demanded furiously.

"I gave you!"

"Yes, you—holy father, the odour of whose sanctity has reached even my nostrils. Could I claim my own name after I had entered upon the life to which you—you, 'Father Sebastian!'—led my first footsteps? So aren't you responsible for the name I bear?"

As though reciting the confiteor, he struck his breast as he replied:

"I am responsible."

His lips continued to move, but no spoken words passed them as he prayed:

"*Lord, visit not upon her soul but upon mine, here and hereafter, the sin of my youth.*"

Softer even than when she had lowered it before was the syren voice when again she spoke.

"You want to know why I have sought you, Jack? Sit down—sit close to me, Jack, while I tell you. You cannot, you dare not, refuse to listen to me."

She drew a chair up to the table near her own, and he sank into it, and laid his throbbing, burning head between his hands.

"Tell me, first—are you alone in the house?"

"I am alone."

Had he a premonition of the sore temptation coming that he added, "God help me"?

A smile of expectant triumph lit up the woman's brilliant eyes and bewitching, alluring, maddening face.

She had come for this man's soul that she might damn it, and it would soon be hers.

So did she talk that before long the priest was living in the dead past again.

So did she talk that it all came back to him—her face, her dainty form, her voice—the very rustle of the simple dress of white she used to wear ten years ago.

He tried to raise his head. He tried to move that he might fly from her, but:

"Nay, I have not finished yet. You cannot leave me while I have still so much to say."

And he could not.

Sweeter and softer and lower grew her voice.

She was conscious that her witchery was stealing over him, struggle as he might. And at last she judged that the moment had come.

For a while she was silent, and then in a whisper said:

"Lift your head, Jack, and look upon me. Am I not fair still? Nay, am I not fairer than when . . . ?"

Only for a moment he gazed upon her.

She had uncovered her head, and flung loose her glorious hair.

And now she opened wide her arms for him.

But with a sobbing cry he staggered past her, and fell at the foot of the crucifix.

In the Shadow of the Cross he was safe.

In the Shadow of the Cross his better manhood—his priesthood—reasserted itself.

He rose, and bade the woman pass out from beneath his roof.

She had failed.

But another way remained—a far harder way, but a way that led as surely to damnation.

She hastily covered herself, and with consummate art—with tears, and sobs, and protestations—she influenced him to hear her yet.

"My mother—my father—I must tell you of my mother and my father."

"Are they living yet?"

"Oh, no, no. We brought down their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. My shame killed them—and when I would have gone to them they shrunk from me, lest my touch should pollute them—my own father, my own mother!"

He fell on his knees—again he hid his head.

And now every word she uttered pierced his soul with fresh agony.

Racked with the remorse of repentant years—his body weakened by painful penances—penances day by day and night by night—

his mind reeled as word followed word—each word a blow.

Recklessly she talked at last, that he might know how hopelessly, how helplessly, her soul was lost—how hopelessly, how helplessly, he had wrecked it for her.

Then she told of the evil *she* had wrought, the lives she had blighted, the homes she had broken up, the souls she had ruined.

"*My God! My God! Not upon her soul, not upon their souls, but upon my soul be the sin of my youth, now and eternally.*"

With an oath that might have seared the lips of any man, she scoffed at his prayer.

As he looked at her she perceived that the horror of the night had done its work—his eyes began to blaze with the light of the frenzy that now blazed in hers.

She thrust her hand into her bosom, brought a vial from beneath the folds of her dress and emptied its white contents into the single tumbler on the table.

"That is poison!" she cried. "I meant to drink it myself, that I might fall dead at your feet. But now—drink you, priest. Drink!

"By the memory of that poor old man and woman whose honest heads you bowed and whose graves you filled—my father and my mother—drink!

"By all that I lost to give to you, drink!

"By my Hell-possessed, ruined soul, drink, priest!

"By all the souls that I have sent to Hell since I lost my own soul for you, drink, priest, drink!

"Drink, 'Father Sebastian'—drink, Jack!

"See—I offer you the glass with my own hand—drink, drink!"

In another minute the madness would have passed.

He seized the potion and drained it at a draught.

The piteous cry that broke from his poor lips told that almost instantly he realised what he had done.

But too late—already he was in the hands of death.

With a blind—a blinded—instinct he sought the Altar.

Reeling from the room, he staggered along the passage and through the vestry.

The woman snatched up the lamp and followed him.

She saw him stumble as his feet touched the steps of the shrine, and she saw him fall—dead.

She saw that his head struck heavily the steps, and that blood flowed.

The Holy Place was defiled with the blood of a suicide.

"Dead!" she shrieked—"by his own hand. He has forfeited his own salvation."

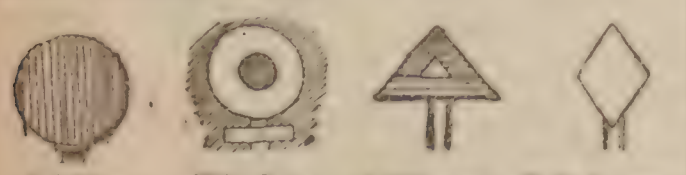
Her peal of demoniac laughter rang through the chapel, and the house, and out into the deserted street.

"The price of a woman's soul is the damnation of the soul of the man to whom she gave her body. He's paid it."

MOTOR SIGNS.

Cyclists, pedestrians, and others who use our country roads, must often have felt curious as to the exact meaning of the various motor signs with which the waysides are now decorated.

We therefore print an illustration of the four signs most frequently encountered, with footnotes as to what they indicate.



Red Disc. Motors Prohibited on road.

White Ring. Speed Limited as marked.

Red Triangle. Speed Warning for Cross Roads.

White Diamond. Motor Notices.

DEPARTMENTAL OFFICERS

"CHINSTRAP" RECALLS SOME EXPERIENCES WITH ARMY PAYMASTERS AND OTHERS.

In my younger days both Army Medical and Army Service Corps (Commissariat) officers were departmental officers, but now, strictly speaking, the only departmental officers are those of the Army Pay, Army Ordnance, and Army Chaplains' Departments.

An officer makes considerable sacrifices when he leaves his regiment to enter a department—that is, if he is an ambitious man, with a love of real soldiering.

In the first place he ceases to be a combatant officer, though this does not preclude him from going on active service or earning medals or other decorations open to combatant officers—there has been at least one Chaplain V.C. But he cannot exercise executive command outside his own department, and therefore can never hope to be a victorious leader in the field.

AN HONORARY MEMBER.

Then the departmental officer ceases to have a mess of his own. This may not greatly affect him if he is a married man—as he very often is—but as a bachelor he is at best an honorary member of some regimental mess, where his position is apt to be invidious. As an honorary member he is practically a guest, save that he has the privilege of paying for what he has, but without voting powers or voice in the management of the mess.

Naturally men are not going to forswear practically all chance of martial glory, and the charms of a real regimental home without strong inducements to do so.

In the case of a regimental officer going to the Pay or Ordnance Department, Cupid is usually in the background.

These departments offer the man who has married on an insufficient income, a chance of remaining in the Service, which he could not do if he stuck to his regiment. For example, the lowest grade of Ordnance officer gets about £400 a year as against the £200 a year he would probably be receiving as a regimental officer, and Army Pay Department officers are also pretty well paid.

Departments are sometimes an honourable refuge for the officer incapacitated by wounds or other injuries from further service.

A SOFT BILLET.

I remember a "job" for which, however, there was much excuse. A newly-joined subaltern out hunting injured a leg so badly that it had to be amputated, and although under the existing regulations he was in no way qualified for admission to the Army Pay Department, he was smuggled into it, and is now no end of a swell, drawing £1,000 a year and allowances.

Occasionally a department is an ignoble refuge for an unpopular or incompetent regimental officer, though this is not so much the case as it used to be.

Of Army Ordnance officers—they were formerly Ordnance Store officers—and their work, I know very little. In fact, I only met one in the whole course of my service. He wore a rather splendiferous uniform, and [illegible] to probably envious accounts, drew a [illegible] ing lot of pay for doing nothing except [illegible] important.

With Army paymasters, however, I [illegible] brought into pretty close contact, for [illegible] old days, at least, they issued the [illegible] pay and made rude remarks in red [illegible] over your company pay-sheets and [illegible] counts.

I also had many a tussle with [illegible] personal claims for travelling allowances [illegible] so on, for the old style paymaster was [illegible] a somewhat soured and crabbed individual [illegible] who took a keen delight in disputing every [illegible] item in your account—and, as a rule, successfully, confound him.

However, I remember with just pride a terrific score over the Pay Department.

HOSPITAL EXPENSES.

While abroad I contracted typhoid [illegible] as there was no proper accommodation [illegible] in the regimental hospital, I was [illegible] on the order of the Army medical [illegible] me, to a private ward in a civilian [illegible]

This naturally cost me a good bit [illegible] for in addition to the charge for the [illegible] ward I had to pay the hospital physician [illegible] attended me.

Recovered, I put in a claim for [illegible] penses in hospital, urging that it was [illegible] fault that there was no accommodation [illegible] me in the military hospital.

The paymaster nearly wept (on [illegible] the preposterousness of the bare idea [illegible] was no precedent for such an [illegible] demand. I made one or two more [illegible] attempts to recover my just dues and [illegible] went home on sick leave.

In those days it was not as it is now [illegible] a criminal offence for an officer to [illegible] interview with anyone at the War [illegible]

A WAR OFFICE INTERVIEW.

So when my cash began to run short, [illegible] was mighty soon, I strolled along to the War Office, produced my card, and [illegible] see the late Sir Arthur Haliburton, who [illegible] then, I think, Accountant General, or, anyway, a big financial pot at the W.O.

The messenger returned saying that Arthur would see me in a few minutes, presently I was conducted into the [illegible] of one of the courtliest and nicest old [illegible] men I ever met in my life.

I was barely turned twenty, but [illegible] lack cheek, more especially when there [illegible] any ooftish in the offing, so I spoke [illegible] stated my case.

Sir Arthur laughed a little, offered [illegible] cigar, said it was highly irregular, and [illegible] department at all—I have just remembered that he was Financial Secretary—but would have inquiries made in the [illegible] quarter—and so, hoping that I was having a good time and recovering my strength, showed me out, as if I had been the Secretary of State for War, and not a common, broke down impecunious subaltern.

A WELCOME CHEQUE.

A day or two later I received a cheque for some £25 in settlement, or rather in part settlement of my claim, which amounted to a good deal more.

However, a "pony" was a long way better than nothing, and that evening I drank Sir Arthur Haliburton's health in a bottle of best at "Jimmy's."

The defeated local paymaster, [illegible] never forgave me, and when I rejoined could hardly see my company accounts for the red ink he spilled over them.

"CHINSTRAP."

FLY-TYING.

EVERY ANGLER CAN MAKE HIS OWN TACKLE.

[*The diagrams here shown are considerably larger than the actual flies, for the sake of plainness.*]

Despite the fact that flies may be used in fishing for practically every kind of river fish, it is generally recognised that they are chiefly for salmon and trout. Grayling, however, are often taken with them. I shall, therefore, deal in this article chiefly with the art of tying flies for salmon and for trout.

Trout flies have very little resemblance to salmon flies, although very similar materials are employed in their composition. Trout flies, however, are invariably intended to resemble certain insects, whereas those for salmon are designed to attract by gaudy colouring rather than to imitate anything in nature.

As far as materials are concerned, one trout fly is practically identical with another. The difference generally consists only in the sizes of the hooks.

SALMON FLIES.

Salmon flies, on the other hand, the materials used for which are much more numerous, some quite coarse, and arranged in an infinite variety of fashions. These are the chief materials you will want.

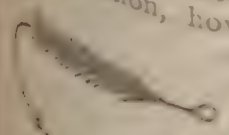
FEATHERS: Those of golden pheasant, light blue macaws of various hues, red cow, English jay, widgeon, mallard, in fact, any gaudy plumaged bird you can get.

Natural and dyed feathers taken from necks; besides, silver and gold specially made flat and oval tinsels, fine tying silk, gloss silks of varied hues, twisted gut, and thick salmon gut.

You will also need embroidery scissors, a fine needle (a sort of darning needle, used for pressing one feather over another), hackle pliers, and shoemaker's wax.

THE FIRST STEPS.

The various and graduated steps in tying a salmon fly would be far beyond the scope of a short article. It would need about half the paper. The following illustration, however, will give quite a sufficient idea to illuminate any practical angler.



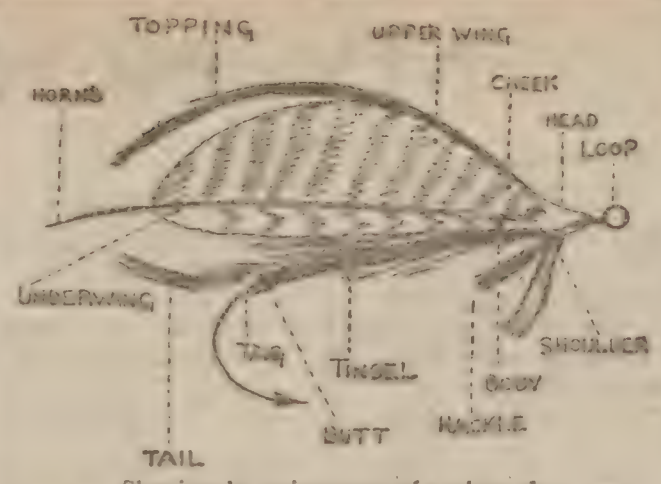
Roughly, the first step is to tie on the "tail," which consists of twisting a golden pheasant's topping, or two chatterer's feathers (one on each side) so as to lie alongside the barb end of the hook. These should be fixed with one or two turns of silk.

The "butt," which comes next, and takes the form of a bunch of ostrich feather fixed so that the points turn towards the tail. Here one or two turns of silk are quite enough, and can be deftly hidden by manipulating the feather with a stiletto.

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

The "tinsel," which is made either of wire or gaudy gloss-silk, should be wound next, so as to taper evenly from the "butt" to the "head," or loop of the fly.

Now all we have to add is the body hackle, generally a piece of macaw's feather; the shoulder hackle, designed to cover the previously bare part of the hook's shank; and then the wings (upper and lower), broad and thin strips respectively, cut, say, from a pheasant's feather.



Showing the various parts of a salmon fly.

A trout, or grayling, fly is a simpler thing to make. It is generally tied thus. If you begin at the shoulder you work to the tail, back to the head, and finish there, or *vice versa*. The most popular way, however, is to work with an eyed hook as shown in our illustration.

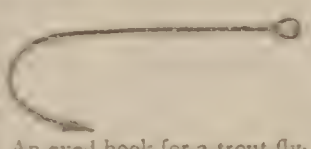
MAKING A TROUT FLY.

With a few twists of silk, previously run through the eye of the hook, you fix on a "body" of hair or fur. Then the next step is to fix on two wings, generally two pieces cut from any kind of feather, with a few twists of silk at the loose end of the shank.

Trout flies rule small in size. The biggest should never exceed an inch in length, and this size should only be used at night.

By the way, the night hours are the only time in which the wily trout can be taken in very hot weather, for he lies hid under stones all day and will not venture out even to feed, until the sun has gone down.

G. A. FILDES.



An eyed hook for a trout fly.

CHANGE YOUR BOOTS.

A PHYSICAL NECESSITY.

There is a common tendency among many men to wear one pair of boots until they can be worn no longer.

The director of the Outer Man page will tell us the many disadvantages of this course from the point of view of its bad economy and its sacrifice of smartness. These are doubtless important points, but there is another, and one equally important to all athletic men.

It is a very common thing to hear men praise their old boots. "They are so comfortable" is the excuse that outweighs every other consideration. But in wearing the same pair of boots, day after day, comfort is often obtained at the sacrifice of sound feet.

A boot worn constantly tends to become less and less of a support to the foot every day, and after a little time the foot has completely shaped the boot to its own way. Now few of us walk perfectly. We tread unevenly. A boot so completely moulded to the foot, therefore, tends to accentuate any weakness the foot may have.

A heel will not wear down at one side for a long time after it is new, but once let it be worn down by the incessant tendency of the foot and it gets rapidly worse and worse. The foot is thus pulled out of shape, the walk is spoiled, and the always trying process of wearing new boots becomes a perfect torture.

It is appalling how badly the average man walks. He is naturally careless regarding the matter, but his feet are not, in his early years, mis-shapen. They soon become so, however, through his habit of sticking to the same boots.

By wearing several pairs the entire foot is kept strong, and no deficiencies or imperfections in the walking action are allowed to develop.

"HEADQUARTERS."

ABOUT NEWMARKET AND ITS WORTHIES.

There is always sport of some kind or other going on at Newmarket. As most of us know, the flat-racing—and catching—season starts with the Craven Meeting at Easter, and is brought to a close with the third October, or Houghton, Meeting. Between these are meetings held in April, May, July, and October.

Hurdle-racing goes on all through the winter, and good sport is also to be had in the runs of the draghounds. But really to see life, as the saying goes, a man should visit "headquarters" during a flat-racing meeting.

"No Betting Allowed," reads a notice which is plastered all over those parts of the course which do not come under the category of rings; but, to anyone who knows, these warnings possess considerable humour. Indeed, more than one wag has suggested that they should be spelt "No Betting Aloud."

Despite the presence of large numbers of police, on horse and on foot, betting takes place openly, even on the non-registered places, in ordinary conversational tones. The bookies, of course, do not shout, but speak the odds, as it were, so as to be easily heard by anybody near. Money is passed over without a pretence at secrecy.

The various courses abound with "rooks," as they are called at Newmarket, of all descriptions, but these do not always find mugs. A good story is told in this connection of Johnny Reiff, one of the American jockey brothers who achieved so much fame on English racecourses some years ago.

Johnny, whose essentially babyish face will be readily remembered, was recovering from a slight accident which, while it did not confine him to his room, still kept him out of the saddle. So he was hanging listlessly over the rails one Second July Meeting, watching the motley crowd assembled on the Heath.

Presently two opulent-looking men came fairly close to him, and one dropped a handful of sovereigns into the other's palm, saying that if he had only speculated a bit more, his winnings would have been far more acceptable. Then they began to talk about a cert for the next race. Johnny pretended to be listening intently, whereupon one of the men pounced upon him and said: "Interested, eh, youngster? Want to make a bit, what?" and Johnny blushingly admitted the soft impeachment.

Then followed the usual rigmarole. The man knew what was going to win, and recommended the youngster to let them invest, say, a quid for him, as they could get double the odds.

Johnny pretended to let his eyes sparkle, but he also debated the pros and cons at such length that his tempters were nearly bursting with anxious impatience.

"But it's a sure cert," one urged. "Surely you don't jib at having a jimmy on a thing like that?"

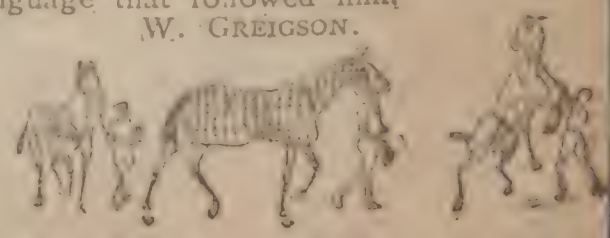
"But my mother told me," lisped the artless Johnny, "that it wasn't fair to bet on a certainty."

However, he was apparently convinced, and slowly inserted a finger and thumb into the pocket of his little waistcoat. . . . And here comes the climax.

"I—I've come out without any money!" he stammered. "Would you lend me a quid until the bookie pays out?"

And, walking along the course to have his little laugh out, his ears tingled at the sanguifulminous language that followed him.

W. GREIGSON.



COACHING FOR SPORT.

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF DIFFERENT MEN.

There are few occupations in which what theatrical people call "personality" is a more desirable asset than the business of coaching men for different branches of sport.

Each sport has its individual characteristics, and in the same way, each sporting coach has his. But there is one quality which is indispensable to every really successful coach, no matter what his particular sport or game may be; and that is a thorough knowledge, an intimate understanding, of his fellow-men.

Take, for instance, the man who is coaching—and perhaps *training* as well—another man for a big boxing contest.

If he sees that his charge is a highly-strung, "nervy" individual, he does his best to eradicate this tendency. But he doesn't do it by bullying him, as a good many less-experienced coaches might do. He simply makes him indulge in practice spars with a man who is nearly as good as he is; but not *quite*.

Consequently, the nervous man, who gets the best of it, but has to go all the way to do it, gains increased confidence in himself, and on the night of the actual fight, probably takes the ring feeling far surer of himself than if he had been prepared by one of the martinets of the old school.

On the other hand, a good coach, if he sees his man is at all swelled-headed, and fancies he is bound to win, adopts the very opposite tactics. He pits him in his practice bouts against a much better man; with the result that the cock-sure feeling soon wears off, and his man enters the ring imbued with the spirit of caution which is indispensable to good boxing tactics.

This is illustrated by a true story told about the man who coached Sayers for his fight with Heenan. Said this worthy to Sayers the day before the contest, "You'll have to be very careful, Tom! In fact, I feel a bit afraid myself." Said Sayers, "You're a —— fine pal, aren't you?" and the other replied, "Well, d'ye suppose I'm goin' to tell you you'll have it all your own way? If I did, you'd probably rush in on him in the first round and get your —— head knocked off!"

There is, perhaps, no more irritable athlete, at a certain period of his training, than the rowing man. The rigorous rules which he has to observe at the outset of his preparation for a big race are apt to disgust him after a time.

The clever coach—or trainer rather—knows this, and, without saying anything, he allows his men a little more latitude. They can have a glass more beer than before, the cigarette but is left on the table just a little longer, and the "lights out" rule is not so rigidly enforced.

The result is that the men buck up again, they do not instinctively, or even inwardly, rebel against the restrictions of their training.

Possibly the only coach who ought to allow himself to be at all a bully is the cricket coach. The reason for this is that there are so many almost childish faults to be found in practically every cricketing beginner. The latter will probably run away from fast bowling at the nets. What does the wise coach do? He curses his man all ends up, and regrets that he is not at school again, when he could peg his pupil's legs down, and make the bowler aim at them as hard as he could.

So many are the variations of character that go to the making of a good sporting coach, that one is inclined to believe the man who declared that it is easier to find a good general than a successful trainer of all-round athletes.

B. L. Thompson.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE COLONIAL PHYSIQUE.

I have recently had the pleasure of meeting a good many Colonials, for this is the season when they pay a visit to the Old Country, and the thing that has struck me most about them has been their magnificent physique.

I do not mean that they have a tremendous amount of muscle, for they are generally of the tall, lean-flanked pattern, but though their muscles are not exceptionally large, they are as hard as wire.

A very typical Colonial is Billy Waite, who contributes an article to this issue on the best methods of dealing with a vicious horse.

I am very glad to have been able to persuade him to write on this subject, for he is admittedly Australia's finest rough-rider, and is probably the most skilful horseman in the world.

Those who have seen him riding buck-jumpers in "Wild Australia" at the Festival of Empire know that his laurels have been justly won.

He is as strong as the horses he rides, although his muscles are not exceptionally bulky. What is more, he has that frank, open manner which seems to be part of the heritage of Colonials, and he is one of the most likeable chaps you could wish to meet.

HORSES AND AFFECTION.

Some time ago there appeared in this paper a paragraph in which the contributor said, on the authority of a well-known military horseman, that the affection shown by horses was largely a matter of feeding.

He related the case of one horse which was very affectionate towards its owner, but which entirely forgot him after a short time because he had transferred its feeding to another man.

I have received several letters in this connection, the following being one of the most interesting:

"I looked after a horse for six years," says a reader in Newcastle-under-Lyme; "then he was sold, and I didn't see him again for two years, when I came across him in a stable with seven others.

"The man in charge told me that I couldn't tell my old favourite again, as he was against two others very much like him, and all were in very poor condition.

"It was almost dark as I opened the stable door, and I could not tell him, for the horses had just been clipped, so I gave a low whistle that he had been used to, and he almost went wild with delight. He neighed and made such a fuss that you would have thought it was a mare welcoming her colt.

"This speaks for itself. Horses are like everything else. They don't forget those who love them.

"I have one at the present time, and if I loose him in the field he will gambol about me like a big dog, whinnying at me. Then he will gallop off as if he were mad, only to return if I call him, and he seems to delight in it. Of course, I love my horse."

DULL TURNS.

I do not know whether you have observed it, but it seems to me that the average music-hall performance at the present time is not nearly so entertaining as that with which we used to be served some years ago.

Press day is always more or less exacting, and last week when the final page had been passed I went to a music-hall, for there is something about the light fooling of such an entertainment that loosens the tension which seems inevitable after the rush of putting a paper to press.

During the performance I had a chat with the acting manager, and congratulated him upon the good business which his house appeared to be doing, for almost every seat was occupied.

"Yes," he said, "we certainly mustn't grumble, for nearly every other hall in London is half empty to-night. It isn't altogether a matter of luck, for we flatter ourselves that it is largely the result of our policy.

"Glance down your programme, and you won't find the usual item 'Somebody at the Piano,' neither will you see 'So-and-so, Violinist.' These dull turns like these that are killing the business of some of the halls and driving people back to the theatres again.

"A man comes to the music-hall for relaxation. He wants to hear a good song, and he wants it accompanied by the orchestra. The piano accompanied song reminds him too much of the kind of entertainment he gets in his own drawing-room or at an amateur concert.

"As for the violinists, they are seldom better than the violinists in the orchestra itself.

"Managers book these turns because of the applause they get; but it is not genuine applause, but what we call in the business 'syndicated applause,' and it is given because such performers are very often young girls, and the audience doesn't like to hurt their feelings by not applauding."

I am inclined to think that his explanation of his success was perfectly sound, for at a certain particular hall one always finds turns that are thoroughly entertaining, and, for my own part, the elimination from the programme of the people "at the piano," is a welcome omission.

Fragson accompanies his own songs, but he does it in his own inimitable style. It is his imitators who are so tedious.

WRITING FOR THIS PAPER.

Recently I inserted a note suggesting that those with a taste for writing should submit some of their work for my inspection, and I am glad to say that many contributions sent in by readers have been of sufficient merit to justify me in chasing them.

The offer still holds good, for I am always happy to consider the contributions of readers.

Even although you may not be what is generally termed a writer—one who can say something interesting on almost every subject—yet you may be able to turn out one or two articles on your own particular trade, hobby, or experience.

Several readers have asked me in what manner manuscripts should be sent. They should be written legibly, or typed, on one side of the paper only, and should always be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope in case of return.

It must also be remembered that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any manuscripts submitted to us.

LOVE LETTERS.

A reader asks me what I think that love letters should be destroyed as soon as they are read.

His view is that they should be destroyed sooner or later, if they are kept, they are likely to fall into the hands of some one who was never meant to see them.

"I am sure," he concludes, "that all lovers of both sexes would feel obliged if you would advise the destruction of love letters."

It is a matter upon which I absolutely refuse to give any advice at all. The question of love problems is not in my line. I know that many editors devote considerable space to the discussion of such matters and give much grandmotherly and fatherly advice, but I do not think that they ever pay any attention to them, and I am afraid that whether my correspondent is right or wrong in his opinion, men and women in love will continue to keep the letters they receive from their sweethearts.

Yours Frankly,

Westinghouse Building,

MEN WORTH KNOWING.

Below a further instalment of the list of members of the Modern Man League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who forget their address recently, would kindly inform us of the fact, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. The new form for membership, with full particulars of the scheme, now issued, will be found on this page.

W. SHILDON.
E. SLACK.
[illegible] Burton.
LEADER, Sturminster.
TON ABBOT.
CHURCHES, 14, Queen Street.
G. DANIEL, 14, The Avenue.
W. GENDLE, 7, Albion Hill.
IMACOTT, 123, East Street.
IN, 3, Forde Road.
MAN [illegible]
TON-LE-WILLOWS.
J. S. [illegible]
LEATHER.
TON-ON-AYR.
ONARD, 5, Seaforth Road.
TON STEWART.
BYRON, Ivydene.
WYLLIE, 7, [illegible] Street.
WARDS.
REDIE, c/o Messrs. Thomas Mayne and Son.
TREDEGAR.
T. WILLIAMS, 41, Upper Road, Cwmsiflog.
WASHINGTON.
S. BURGESS, [illegible]hpter's Tea Stores, Front Street.
A. PA[illegible], 1, Hawthorn Terrace.
WHITTINGTON.
[illegible] of Messrs. Woodheads).
[illegible] of Messrs. Woodheads).
[illegible]OFF, 27, London Street.
[illegible] Guildford.
[illegible]
[illegible], T. [illegible] Street.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], 54, Overstone Road.
[illegible] Edmund's Road.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Upper Thrift Street.
[illegible] St. Mary's Street.
RAFY, Whitworth House, Whitworth Road.
R. 8 Whitworth Road.
[illegible]hitworth Road.
[illegible] Road, Monk's Park.
[illegible] Adam's Avenue.
93, Admitt Road.
[illegible] Wellingborough Road.
[illegible]urser Road.
[illegible]T, 16, Stanley Street.
ES. 2, Bostock Avenue.
ASSMORE, 9, Pytchley Street.
PHILPOT, 15, Stimpson Avenue.
EY, Pleasant View, Ecton.
GEANT, St. Giles [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT

SKIPPING FOR HEALTH AND FITNESS.

Last week I mentioned skipping as being a valuable health agent.

Its real value cannot be over estimated, but like most other things, it must be prescribed to suit the individual.

For a corpulent, unfit person to indulge in a violent skipping bout would be unwise and dangerous, and for an athlete in training to skip three or four minutes a day would be useless.

It is the purpose of this article to explain to the many different conditions of men how to skip and why.

Before proceeding further I had better mention that for permanent good to be attained from skipping it must be performed regularly six days of the week. One day on, and two off, will do more harm than good, as strain is brought to bear upon unaccustomed organs. It must, therefore, be understood that regularity is essential.

Skipping is an exercise of such adaptability that it can be made strenuously simple, or simply strenuous at will. Fine gradations of work can be got out of it, to suit a man's momentary condition.

PLACE AND APPARATUS.

It is always advisable to skip in the open air, upon level ground that is not dusty.

For athletic work, a short light rope is best, but for curative and corrective work, a long heavy rope is most suitable, a slower swing with less shoulder work being more possible than with the light rope.

A simple step.

There is a great number of different steps, but I find the following quite sufficient for practical purposes.

The simplest and easiest step of all is the step in which two jumps are made to one swing of the rope.

Jump just high enough to allow the rope to pass under the feet, and jump again as the rope is overhead.

This gives you time to get the feet up for the rope to clear as it comes to the floor again.

With a little practice, this work can be made to be very light and gentle, as the whole action will develop into a light bouncing movement.

FOR REDUCING CORPULENCE.

This is the ideal step for the corpulent, it being simple to induce copious perspiration.

If this method be used for reducing corpulence, it is advisable for a thick sweater to be worn, and, if possible, a wide, thick woollen belt of the knitted variety round the abdomen.

When perspiring freely, lie upon the back, and massage the superfluous tissue rather severely.

When normal breathing has been regained, slip the wet clothing off quickly, and scrape the skin all over with a strigil, and follow with a tepid or cold sponge down.

The step next in simplicity is performed as follows:

Jump with both feet simultaneously, but advance the right and left foot alternately. As efficiency is gained, allow the forward foot to come to the ground a fraction of a second later than the rear foot.

Thus the rope comes first, then the rear foot, then the forward foot. This is repeated with the position of the feet changed.

A pleasing rhythm in triplets is the result. This is the step with which Apollo performed 5,000 skips.

The next step is one of the most severe, and is splendid for eradicating constipation. Keep both feet together, and jump once to each turn of the rope.

OBTAINING RHYTHMS.

Next comes a neat and simple step which consists of hopping with the left and right foot alternately. Some pleasing rhythms can also be got out of this step, as the following example will show.

Both feet off the ground.

Hop twice on left foot, twice on right, then once on left and once on right, once on left, and once on right again, then repeat. When kept going it sounds very well. Don't forget: left, left, right, right, left, right, left, right, and repeat, beginning on the right foot.

Rhythms galore may be invented by the ingenious student, and will give an interest to skipping that will prevent monotony.

The last step that I am describing is one meant purely for the use of athletes desirous of gaining great speed, and is as follows.

Jump fairly high and turn the rope twice before coming to the ground. The rope may even be turned three or four times with practice. For this a heavy rope is necessary, but not a thick one, as it will offer too much resistance to the air.

LEG DEVELOPMENT.

For developing the legs to a full round shape, gentle work must be indulged in. As soon as the toes come to the ground, allow the heels to follow, then give way with the knees, until bent at about right angles. Recover without forcing, and repeat.

For developing tough, wiry legs, do not allow the heels to come to the ground at all, and force the work, putting a lot of effort into the jump, using the legs exclusively to give the momentum.

No swing of the body should be allowed to assist.

Always keep the chest lifted, and the head thrown back. Inhale through the nose, and exhale through the mouth.

For curative purposes, other than the reduction of corpulence, never skip longer than ten minutes per day, until you are thoroughly fit again.

In all cases, a glass of water may be taken a quarter of an hour beforehand with advantage.

Just a few words of warning.

At the first signs of distress, Stop!

Do not finish with a sprint unless you want to damage your heart.

Use your own good judgment as to your own capabilities, and never attempt to exceed them.

Never skip with undigested food in the stomach.

THE "BELSHI" MEDICAL SLEEPING BELT

ensures refreshing, restful, dreamless sleep, and restores, increases, and preserves Vitality, Strength and Fitness.
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MAXICK & SALDO, Eton House, Eton Avenue, North Finchley, LONDON, N.

THE OX IN THE TEACUP

A number of years ago, I was making my first appearance on one of the big halls on the Continent; the big feat that I was engaged for being that of lifting a [illegible] laden motor-car.

As the act had been booked from [illegible] I was unknown to anyone there, except by name.

Everything had been rehearsed by the stage and my men, in the morning, but the stage manager had not realised that I was the "strong man," partly on account of my size (my weight was 10st at that time), and partly because I was not wearing an assortment of diamond rings and medals, the almost infallible adjuncts of the successful strong man the world over.

Not to digress, a big crowd had turned up to see the motor feat, and I was standing in the wings, with a dressing gown over my fleshings, awaiting my turn.

Something was evidently amiss, for turn after turn went on, and the audience were impatiently clamouring for something that was not getting.

Finally the manager came round to the front of the house to the stage and announced that the strong man was expected in a minute, but that he had not yet arrived.

This explained the mystery. They were expecting a giant.

Going timidly to the manager, I plucked respectfully at his coat, saying, "Excuse me please, sir, I am the strong man."

The sheer impertinence of the thing [illegible]

"THE USE AND ABUSE OF EXERCISE"

is the title of a booklet which ought to be in the hands of every "Modern Man" reader.

"free movements"; more resistance is [illegible] than is possible by lifting the heaviest [illegible]

Send a Postcard NOW for this FREE Book.

J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture [illegible]
(Dept. M), **18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL.**

manager into snarling, "Keep your jest-ing for a more suitable occasion." Just then I slipped off my dressing-gown, and the startled manager hedged.

DEBATING SECTION.

[*This section is open to our readers for discussion of all matters affecting the science of Physical Culture.*]

WHO IS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

W. O. Wood, 34, Windmill Street, writes: "I candidly confess that it would be a difficult task to find the strongest man in the world.

"He is probably a long way from the haunts of civilisation; but from men already known to us there will be little difficulty in selecting him, as what better test could there be than double-handed press from the shoulders?

"This is a lift where legs, back, arms, and shoulders all play an important part, and is, moreover, a lift into which no science can be brought. Steinbach, Grafl, and Swoboda, three Continental giants, have all pressed over three hundred pounds in this way, and I think the title could be well contested by those men.

"I do not think any other lift so well adapted to a test as that, even if the test were changed to a heavy weight off the ground. The strength of a man's hand would have a lot to do with his success in this direction.

"If the two-hands jerk were given as a test, a rule would have to be made that the bar should not be moved, and so prevent too much science being brought into this lift.

"The best two-handed jerks on record are those of the three men mentioned, all having done over four hundred pounds. They are, however, big men weighing over twenty stone, so their lifts are not so meritorious as those of Grossy, Klimet, Wühr, and Maxick. Each of the latter men have jerked double their own body weight in two hands, whilst none of the quartet has even put a couple of pounds on top of that.

"Sandow's self-styled title of 'The Strongest Man in the World' is ridiculous. He holds no records, except that of the bent press, and that of 'two hands anyhow,' which is accomplished by bringing one weight overhead and then picking up another."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. (Fulham).—Take one or two steam or hot baths, and rub the affected part thoroughly with camphorated oil at least once daily. Avoid sitting in damp places and wear warm underclothing. Probably sciatica.

B. C. (Liverpool).—Give up exercise for a time and take things easily. The weakness is due to the violent exercise you have been indulging in. When you take exercise again, begin gradually under an expert's advice.

MOLASSINE
Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods
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MOLASSINE MEAL gives Horses Stamina

CRICKETERS FOR AUSTRALIA

THE MEN I SHOULD SELECT.

By ROBERT ABEL.

An extraordinary amount of interest has been aroused by the news that another English team is to go to Australia, and it is owing to the fact that next year both South Africa and Australia will challenge us over here.

It is perhaps not easy to pick out a leader, and although the Australians will be glad to see Mr. C. B. Fry, not a few people believe that Mr. P. F. Warner or Mr. A. O. Jones should be in command of the side.

It is true that Mr. Jones is getting on, but this season he has proved himself not only a good bat and a change bowler, but his wonderful example in the field has brought several victories to the Nottingham side.

He inspires men and is an ideal leader, always hopeful, fighting to the bitter end, never despairing, and having the great power of handling men. Large numbers of cricketers openly advocate the selection of the Nottingham skipper because he is thorough, after the manner of the Hon. F. S. Jackson.

A LEADER OF MEN.

Quite as many, however, think that Mr. P. F. Warner, who has led the side to victory before, should be asked to serve in the same capacity again. None can be better qualified than the successful leader, when he has already given proof of his ability to accomplish the task, and Mr. Warner knows how to handle the professionals. He has always won their hearts since he declared his comrades of the last tour to be gentlemen on and off the field and that better he never wished to meet.

It may be that—and there is plenty of time yet—the old Rugby boy will again lead England, more especially if it should be found that C. B. Fry cannot go.

Already Hobbs and Kinneir, two excellent batsmen, have made up their minds to accept, and Rhodes has been given the necessary permission; as a first-wicket batsman he is well-nigh invaluable.

J. W. H. T. Douglas is a splendid choice, for here again there is enormous capacity for hard work and just the stamp of man that is needed for an Australian tour.

THE BEST BATSMEN.

F. R. Foster can also be regarded as a batsman and can make a good many runs.

J. Iremonger is another valuable choice, and has that all-round ability which is so necessary for the Australian side.

I should think that Sharp, now at liberty in the winter, has also very strong claims, because the Lancashire man is a skilful batsman as well as a very good bowler.

I do not want to make the Lancashire element too strong, but I feel that J. T. Tyldesley has also very strong claims.

Certainly Mr. G. L. Jessop should go, and here you have a very good batting side indeed.

Perhaps another left-hander would be useful, and I am a great admirer of Albert Relf, who has tremendous keenness and an immense capacity for work.

Some have thought that if Hirst can go out to India he will also go to Australia, but I think that, in view of next season, he and others are wise to do as little as possible.

So far as the bowling is concerned, it is good news that S. F. Barnes, the greatest of English bowlers, has consented to go again.

Then there are Foster, Rhodes, and Iremonger, but there still remains the great question to be settled of a good fast bowler. It is, of course, a pity that W. Brearley cannot go, and I suppose Blythe is very likely to be chosen. George Thompson is also a capable man.

I do not think that for a fast bowler any but Buckenham, Fielder, and Rushby are likely to be picked out, and the Essex man has very strong claims indeed. By the third week in July he had taken 100 wickets, and gives plenty of proof of his ability. Besides that he can get runs. It is, however, in the choice of a fast bowler that the selectors have to face one of their most difficult tasks.

WICKETKEEPERS.

Some have mentioned Field of Warwickshire, but it is not certain that he would be able to stand the strain. Certainly Jayes of Leicestershire would have had a fine opportunity indeed if he had remained quite well, but Buckenham is the man.

One point I think has escaped notice, and that is the necessity of two good wicket-keepers.

Strudwick has well deserved the honour, and no man more so. He is in every way up to International form and has taken the highest possible honours, but should not his assistant, from a merit point of view, be Humphries of Derbyshire?

He is considered by Australians and South Africans to be the finest man in the world, and it is not to be forgotten that he can make runs at times. A good many men are asking why the Midland stumper has not been mentioned.

Huish of Kent has a very strong claim, and also Bale of Worcestershire, while E. J. Smith of Warwickshire is undoubtedly good.

A STRONG SIDE ASSURED.

Whatever the final choice may be, a pretty strong team is sure to leave at the end of September, and, while I am sorry Mr. R. H. Spooner cannot go, his place might surely be taken by Mr. A. P. Day, whose bowling must not be overlooked, and it is quite possible that men like C. J. B. Wood, J. W. Hearne, Hardinge, or Hardstaff may compel attention by meritorious deeds before the season is ended.

No amateur has done better than Mr. Percy Perrin, and I should think that he would be just the man for Australia.

The choice of Mr. Tom Pawley of Kent is one of the best that could have been made. He may be able to influence the choice of Woolley, but a good deal may happen before September 29th, when the side sails.

SKY-ING THE FEATHER.

This is a rather common fault among rowing novices, and consists of raising the hands to dip the blade too early in the swing forward.

An expert prescribes a cure for skying the feather. He declares it cannot be done if the blade is kept on the feather till the loom of the oar looks as though it is likely to lock in the rowlock.

A DOUBLE EVENT

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.

It was said at the "Yard" that Quinten, of the C.I.D., had only one interest in life outside netting a gang of bank forgers. It was fly-fishing.

Let him get a day off, or even part of a day, and he was sure to be found on the banks of some trout stream away in the country, rod in hand. The love of the sport had been bred in him. There was a time . . . . but Quinten did not like to think back on those early boyhood days before the collapse of the family fortunes.

A spell of strenuous night and day work, lasting for weeks, during which he had roped in the notorious Burney gang of forgers, left him free for a week-end, and he took advantage of it to indulge in his favourite pastime.

Tossing aside the conventional morning coat and tall hat of the West-End detective, he donned Norfolk jacket, breeches, and thick-soled boots. With his rod, fishing basket, and an assortment of trout flies befitting the season, he betook himself to the Devonshire streams, where he knew there was good sport.

On such occasions as this Quinten cast off the slough of officialdom in its entirety. In his country clothes, and handling his rod with the dexterity of the born angler, he might more readily be taken for a local squire than for the astute Scotland Yard detective who had more than once engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with a desperate criminal. Such, at least, appeared to be the belief of a military-looking fellow-angler whom he met on the banks of the Tavy on the first morning after his arrival in Devonshire.

The stranger was equipped with a brand-new rod and the latest innovations in the way of fishing gear. Yet beyond whipping the water in an aimless fashion, he made little use of his elaborate outfit. Quinten had observed him out of the corner of his eye as he approached, and wished him miles away. The man was a nuisance on a trout stream—one of those blundering tyros who do no good to themselves and spoil the sport of others.

Quinten was working his way round a bend of the river when they met.

"Any sport?" asked the stranger.

"Fair," replied Quinten, making a neat cast to the opposite side of the stream. "And you?"

"None. Cursed luck. Not a bite all the morning. I'm off back to the inn for lunch."

Quinten looked after him with the speculative eye of the detective as he moved off down stream.

He had heard mention of the stranger at the inn. Major Spiller was his name, the landlord had informed him, and he had come down expressly for the trout fishing. So far, however, he had been singularly unlucky in the way of sport. A sardine tin would have more filled his "catch" than the imposing fishing basket carried on his back.

Quinten had no reason to complain of the morning's sport. He landed a dozen fair-sized trout, one or two of which were large enough to require the net. Keen angler as he was, and perceiving that a fly of his own manufacture proved temptation, he did not bother about returning to the inn for lunch. A sandwich and a pull from his pocket flask were enough for him.

It was while he was seated on the bank with the flask in his hand that there came a stern recall to duty.

Happening to look round, he saw a lad from the inn wending his way leisurely up stream. On catching sight of him the urchin broke into a run, waving a telegram in his hand.

"Confound it!" thought Quinten. "A message from the Yard for a certainty. Wonder what's up now?"

The surmise proved correct. It was a wire from Scotland Yard; and, though it did not necessitate an immediate return, it involved the continuance of the double rôle of sportsman and detective during the remainder of his stay. The message was to this effect:

"One of the men wanted in connection with the Tottenham bank affair supposed to be in your neighbourhood. Keep watch for him. Description ——" etc.

Quinten thrust the wire into his pocket and resumed his rod. While fish were rising so nicely to that fly of his, he had no intention of cutting short his day's sport. The other matter could wait. In the evening he would make inquiries, and ascertain if there was any suspicious stranger staying in the neighbourhood.

It seemed destined, however, that the [illegible]

(*Continued on page 24.*)

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WORKING THROUGH THE NIGHT

TOILERS WHO SEE THE SUN RISE

The night is very still—or rather the morning is, for it is close on 2 a.m., and a faint light away towards the east tells that the Sun is beginning to rouse himself and get up.

Save for a well-laden wagon lumbering along the dusty road that stretches its circuitous way towards London, there is nothing to be seen on the highway, and it is, perhaps, on the strength of this certainty that the driver of the wagon, while the old horse plod-plods its way towards Covent Garden.

I asked him the other day why he allowed his horse to sleep. His answer was illuminating. "Bless Billy (that's my 'orse)," he said, "'e's a pal—an' I can rely on 'im. If I want forty winks, I just take the reins, slip 'em round me, an' drop off to sleep comfortable. Billy knows his way about, an' if 'e comes across an early morning tram, or a police-trap, or anything o' the kind, why, 'e just stops at the reins till he wakes me up!"

* * * * *

Half so picturesque, and far more laborious, is the work of the early morning toiler—the milkman.

Clad in the truck, which in his moments of exhaustion seems well-nigh hate-filled, he goes patiently from door to door, and it is remarkable how seldom he makes a mistake in the darkness of early morning when the lamps have been put out. Everyone is astir, even in the mean streets when he makes his first round, and he leaves his cans of milk, sometimes on a railing, or perched on a door-step, in cases where his customers take precautions against marauding newsboys, suspended on a hook fixed to the front door well beyond the reach of but an adult.

* * * * *

Whistling with slow and stately tread along the streets, trying a door-handle here and there, and flashing his lantern into an occasional shop-window, his thoughts continually revert to the warm cup of tea which his wife will give him in another three hours or so, and the delightful repose he will enjoy after it.

The sun, although showing signs of itself in the east, has not yet risen, and the early morning air is very cold.

"Come on. You can't sleep 'ere."

His voice, rough at first, changes to a remarkable gentleness when a further inspection of the huddled figure in the dark doorway shows it to be an old, a very old woman.

She blinks in the light of his lantern and quavers pitifully that she is *so* tired, and it is so, so cold. . . . Cannot she stay where she is?" . . .

"No, yer can't," says the immovable arm of the law, "an' what's more, I can't see why you should be so silly as to want to, when the railway waiting-room — with a fire in it—is open on'y just round the corner! 'Ere (as the poor old creature, with a grateful look in her eyes, is hobbling off), they've got hot tea and coffee at the stall up the street. You'll find it warmer than that step."

He holds out his hand, and gives her something that chinks as she takes it.

And he wonders three hours later whether he is enjoying his tea as much as the old lady enjoyed hers.

S. FRENCH.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription or fee, members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been successful in bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world. The privilege of the wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the right to an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

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The League badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gilt-plated tie-pin..... 6d.	Solid silver tie-pin ..... 1s.
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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse House, Kingsway, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me my Certificate of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

Please send the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and that it be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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The League Badge Actual size

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WORKERS.

Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P., gives striking testimony to the value of a great system of home-training for better positions.

Not many labour leaders have greater knowledge of both workers and technical education than the Chief Whip of the Labour Party. Few can speak with greater authority upon what can be done by ambitious workers. Hence Mr. Roberts' recent speech at an important imperial gathering of I.C.S. students should be taken to heart by all who want to increase their earning powers. Read this extract:—

"You engaged in the mill, factory, mine, and office bring to bear upon your educational pursuits a graduation in the University of Experience, and I believe that the ultimate result must be that the I.C.S. students will prove themselves amongst the most practical and accomplished workers that can be found in any walk of Society."

Mr. Roberts has intimate knowledge of you "in the mill, factory, mine, and office." He has also investigated the International Correspondence Schools, and knows thoroughly their methods, how and what they teach, how I.C.S. students are among the most successful workers in every branch of industry, and how employers give preference to I.C.S. trained men.

That is what gives value to the words quoted above. Mr. Roberts delights in an ambitious worker. He wants to see men getting through technical knowledge of their trade. All that makes life worth living is the sure result—increased wages, commanding self-confidence, and a stronger personality.

Take the Chief Whip's advice. Make progress in your trade certain by taking up an I.C.S. course of postal training in your spare time. No heavy fees—payments arranged to suit your pocket—no books to buy—no extras.

The whole of Mr. Roberts' speech is well worth reading, and we will gladly send a verbatim copy post free on request to the headquarters of the I.C.S

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HUMAN NATURE.

If you study human nature you find yourself provided with an endless source of interesting entertainment, and the lessons to be learnt will prove valuable in your business transactions.

The successful business man is a student of human nature. He knows the type of man who enjoys a joke, and he knows the type of man who considers a joke to be out of place in business and merely impertinent.

He knows the sort of man who will produce his best work when subjected to flattery, and he knows the type which can be driven efficiently only when roughly handled, for unquestionably there are some men who become discontented as soon as they are treated well, while there are others who, like high-spirited horses, must be driven with gentleness.

One of the many interesting facts in human nature is that a man will always show more courage and greater opposition when he is in the company of his friends than when he is alone.

For example, take the singing holiday-maker. A party of returning beanfeasters will make the streets ring with snatches of comic songs, whereas each of these people if alone would not have the courage of putting his cheerfulness into song. He would be afraid of what other people would say of him, but when he is surrounded by his friends he gathers courage from their presence, and gives vent to his feelings.

Similarly in business a man becomes courageous when supported.

Suppose, for example, that you are dealing with a wholesale firm, and that they have increased the prices charged for your supplies. Instead of your giving notice of the increase in your case you to close your account with that for one reason or another it is not convenient for you to elsewhere. You know that it would be useless to argue the matter in writing, but you think that if you could have a chat with the chief member of the firm in question you would be able to obtain better terms from him.

Suppose there are other members of the firm present, he will consider it a point of pride to be stubborn, will, in fact, regard the interview as a sort of affront on for his juniors. If, on the other hand, you get him alone, it rests with you to exert your powers o' persuasion.

You may ask how you are to ascertain when you will be able to see him alone. That is one of those where diplomacy is needed. Diplomacy cannot be taught. It is like tact, usually a matter of disposition and common sense.

In such a case as that which I have mentioned, however, you can generally find out when certain members of the firm go out to lunch, or when they arrive in the morning, and you can arrange for your visit to take place when the head of the firm is the only partner present.

While I am on the subject, I might as well point out another aspect of this phase of human nature. In the case of such an interview as that which I have mentioned it would be unwise to take a friend with you, for you would then have two on your side and there would only be one other, and that would make the other extremely cautious. He would feel the majority of members, and would not be likely to commit himself in any way.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

IMPROVED TONE.

At the time of writing the tone is better on the Stock Market, and when the wreckage remaining from the recent "hammerings," and from more than one case of being "helped over," has been cleared away, the upward movement will make further headway.

AMERICANS.

This is the only market on the Stock Exchange where I think prices ought to go lower, and as the Federal Government is now turning its attention to the greatest Trust of all—namely, the Banking—the outlook certainly favours the "bears," and even if there is no particular movement in prices during the present holiday period, it must be remembered that the "bear" will receive, whereas the "bull" has to pay the contango.

HOME RAILS.

These are better all round, and so they ought to be, as in almost every case the returns for the half-year are excellent, and the future prospects are equally good.

At the meeting of the East London Railway on the 25th ultimo the full scheme of electrification was explained by the chairman, Lord Claud Hamilton.

It appears that the full cost of electrification will not exceed £65,000.

The Great Eastern is to raise the money, and the East London finds the interest of £2,600 per annum. The District is to supply the power, and the Metropolitan the rolling stock—quite an excellent family arrangement, and very favourable to the East London.

The sooner the electrification is completed the better, not only for the East London, but for all connecting lines, especially the District.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Prices have improved in this section, but some stocks are still cheap.

Mexican Railway Seconds and Trunk Thirds are still my favourite.

MINES.

These have shared slightly in the prevailing rise, as also have rubber and oil companies' shares.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BOX" (Shipley).—You may safely hold your bonds. The interest is secure, and an advance in price in the near future most probable.

J. A. (Nelson).—(a) I do not think so. (b) Quite worth holding. (c) Too speculative for a man of small means.

"VERAX" (Camberley).—Future prospects are excellent, in spite of the somewhat colourless report.

P. E. B. (Mirfield).—The company is doing well, and the shares are an excellent lock-up.

"EGAP" (Douglas).—In my opinion Nos. 1, 4, and 6 are likely to improve; 2 and 3 I should realise, and increase holding in 5.

"ROSS" (Stroud).—I think you will do well to keep all the shares you mention. There is scarcely enough movement to allow of averaging, but if you do, No. 4 seems the most suitable for the purpose.

"PINE" (Eastbourne).—In spite of the rather bad showing in the first report, my advice is on no account to sell your Way-Halims. There is enough capital in hand to carry out necessary work, and I look for an improvement in price in the very near future, and consider a purchase at the present ridiculously low price a good investment.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

SMOKING IN THE ARMY.

The recent report on the health of the Army brings the question of cigarette-smoking to the forefront in view of the statement that many of the rejections of otherwise strong recruits are caused by disordered action of the heart, which, in the case of young soldiers, is greatly aggravated, if not induced, by excessive smoking of inferior cigarettes.

The increase of this habit year by year has been the subject of remark in several commands, and there is a possibility, if not an actual probability, of strong measures being taken by the authorities to bring about a marked diminution in these affections as a whole.

We would strongly counsel every cigarette smoker to choose some good, reliable brand of tobacco and roll his own cigarettes, using the well-known "A G" papers, which contain nothing of an injurious nature. We should then hear much less about the mischief of cigarette-smoking.

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THE STORY OF A YEOMANRY RECRUIT.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S PROTEGEE

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

From the balcony that overlooks the asphalt-floored Drill Hall at Brermouth, Trooper Kernahan watched the raw recruits at drill.

He was occupying a point of vantage much affected by the patronising visitors — such people as friends of the members of the squadron—and, as they knew nothing whatever about the work, they were naturally enough of the class that is the first to criticise.

There was always a goodly muster of loungers anxious to drop into conversation with the officers, and to talk largely about things military that they imagined they knew.

A representative of this unwelcome body, who was in addition a volunteer of the old days, was smoking a pipe and leaning over the balcony beside Kernahan.

"Get worse an' worse—the raw stuff, don't they?" he said, with the cheery optimism that distinguishes all veterans.

"Horrible, sergeant," said Kernahan, affecting to agree with him. "Now I'll bet that when, like these chaps, you had a rifle in your hand for the first time, it just came naturally how to handle it, eh?"

The ex-sergeant of infantry entirely missed the sarcasm.

"Young fellers are different now," he said. "Don't seem to have no sort o' savvy in 'em. In my time, now——"

"It took 'em a month to learn the goose-step," said Kernahan plainly, "and the night of their first camp they'd be so much at home that they'd get drunk. It's rot to say we retrogress, sergeant. We get better and better. What was wrong with that slope-arms?"

The Sergeant-Major, a little worried, had been schooling his material for half-an-hour. They were, however, as a body, repaying him for his labour, but he was glaring at them in instinctively affected despair.

"Oh, nothing wrong with that," said the sergeant.

"You're inaccurate. There was one man, number four, half a tick late. Yes, I told you, I was not mistaken."

The Sergeant-Major, his eyes glowering, walked up to number four. He had evidently spoken to this man before.

"Hang it, Grimshaw," he said, "you're keeping us all back. Look, your rifle butt is turned the wrong way, and you were hours late. Do you think I'm here to waste all my energy on you? And the time I'm setting would disgrace a funeral. Now, taking your time from me, Order Ar-r-ms!"

"Many's the time I've been told off for a dressing down," said the ex-sergeant, "and it lashes you, but you get over it."

The rifles were grounded with a crash, with the unfortunate number four blushing red and still fiddling with his piece, dropping it, perhaps, a couple of seconds late.

"Good heavens, Grimshaw," observed the Sergeant-Major in the language of his profession, "what the devil did you join for if you knew you hadn't any brains? It's easy enough. Look; from the slope. One. Hand on the small of the butt——"

He went on in this strain, repeating the movement three times.

Reduced to a far more nervous condition, the unfortunate recruit, trembling at this solo movement in front of his fellows, did it worse than before. And the Sergeant-Major spoke to him as if he had expected him to do it well, when as a matter of fact many years' study of a man's temperament had convinced him that this treatment would merely tend to make the recruit try to be as perfect as possible in order that he should not be called upon to do it alone again.

The Sergeant-Major looked at the clock.

"Ah, well, that'll do for to-night. Now, 'shun! Right turn. Dismiss!—now break off quickly, returning all arms to the rack and not fiddling with the bolts. Grimshaw, I shall expect you to improve on this next week."

The hard look relaxed from the Sergeant-Major's face. He pulled out his pipe, lit it in the middle of the hall, and sauntered about casually among the men, noting those who were eagerly discussing the drill and marking down the right men under that head.

A medium-sized young man—he was driver of a baker's cart in his working hours—had crossed over to Sergeant Hall, who now appeared, in the company of Carteret, from the Yeomanry room.

"You might tell me whether I'm doing this right, Mr. Hall," he said.

"Go on," said the good Sergeant, and inside half a minute he had the whole little troop with the belts buckled on over their civilian clothes keeping time with their comrade to Hall's ordering.

"Hang it," said the surprised Sergeant jovially, "I'm not conducting a bally drill! Dismiss, you beggars — break off — go to blazes! Here 'Major, what's my commission for doing your work?"

Sprott, the baker's cart man, asked him to watch them once again.

Grimshaw—in the world of work he was an under man at a mews—had been standing rather dolefully apart for some time.

He came up now beside Sprott, shouldering his rifle more hopefully.

"Oh, you shoot off," said Trooper Sprott. "You're a silly fool."

The young man flushed, and with a somewhat weak "All right, hang ye," he walked away humiliated.

Trooper Kernahan, who had been watching the little informal drill on his way over to the Club Room was up to Trooper Sprott inside a second.

"Do you know just what sort of a blatant idiot you are yourself Sprott?" he rapped out. "Here!"

He called out to the retreating Grimshaw.

"Why didn't you knock this beggar down?" he cried. "Come back, and hang it, I'll hold your coat while you do it. And you're a week-old recruit while I'm an eight years' man!"

The Sergeant-Major intervened.

"Now look here, Mr. Kernahan——"

"Yes. I'm quite aware. I'm inciting disorder, but did you hear the man? It is asses like that who go and put decent chaps off."

He was very evidently in a temper, an unusual thing for Trooper Kernahan of the "King's Own."

Grimshaw, however, smiled a little nervously, hesitated as if he were going to say something, then, turning on his heel, walked out of the Drill Hall side-door.

For a moment there was a tense silence. Trooper Sprott, the forward recruit, started to whistle a light refrain.

"Look here," said Kernahan, "I've said that's meant for insolence, but I let you off licking because you don't know any better. You'll want a sight more improvement, my man, than Grimshaw before you'll be a member for this regiment. We aren't a whistle brigade—so shut it, will you?"

The man bit his lip and was silent.

Kernahan moved off a couple of paces, sauntered back again.

"Perhaps," he said, "you intended to convey by your light opera that Grimshaw dared not come back. Well, I'll back him to beat you at scrapping for one thing, and, another, if he isn't ahead of you in the recruits' prize list I'll eat my new Wellington."

Sergeant Hall linked his arm.

"What are you worrying yourself about the beggars for, K?" he asked. "We had to fight our own battles."

"We did. You joined with us, didn't you, Hall—or just a little before? What do you remember about my first drill or——"

"Good heavens, I won't harrow you with my recollections on that score, old chap. The first drill, anyway, was no test. I'll let you. I'll let it go at that."

"Yes, that's just it," said Kernahan. "What shall I tell you something?"

"Do," said Hall banteringly.

"Why you were too clever, that your own British was better than the bleatin' British. Never saw a man come from the Slope to the Order quicker than you. You just it in one movement. Slid the rifle to the ground."

"Ah, you're exaggerating, Rudolph. What I mean is that it was simply was too anxious ——"

The Sergeant-Major came up the with them.

"Yes, like Grimshaw was to-day," said.

Kernahan caught the good Sergeant a resounding smack on the back.

"Delightful old boy!" he cried. made my point, 'Major. Grimshaw's Hall, do you see?—keen as knives so keen that he's over anxious and

"Of course, a rotter would have been sulky," said the Sergeant-Major. our Kernahan mixing himself up with

"Nothing. Only I don't like to put off his keenness, and while you, geant-Major, can curse him judiciously ever, it's his pals who, with a can make the whole business him from the start. By the abouts is Grimshaw's job?"

"He'd have gone back there now up for the night," said the Sergeant, smiling, having scented things. right at the back of the Victoria must know it."

"Ah, Tarrant's? Rather. five quid, someone."

"Hold me up!" said Sergeant aghast.

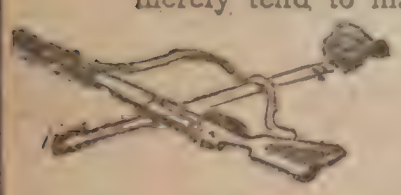
"Steward, lend me a fiver out treasury," Kernahan persisted.

"You're Treasurer, sir," said the And receiving an I O U for the handed it over.

"See you chaps later," said Trooper nahan.

"Mad?" asked Sergeant Hall when departed.

"Method in it," returned the Major laconically.



..., as he anticipated, found a light
.. the harness-room at the Mews.
..ew was there, reading a paper up-
...

..," said Kernahan. "I want a hack
.. morning, and want you to come
.. with me if you will."
..rightened I'm going to make as big
..l of myself on horseback, Mr. Kerna-
.. asked Grimshaw a little doggedly.
..Hope you won't make such an ass of
..self as you are at the present moment,"
.. shortly. "What's up, old
...

..."
... got your rag out about
...

.. raised his eyes a little appeal-
...

..It isn't exactly my rag out. It's—I've
.. to swear about it to keep off the—the
..intment getting hold of me. I thought
.. you said you knew they'd have me
.. regiment that I should have a good
.. I haven't had it."
..You will do when you win the Recruits'
.. Then you're charitable to men who have
..foolish with you in your first drill
..o. You stand 'em a drink, and say it
..only by a fluke you won the prize.
...

..But I'm a fool at the drill."
.. are all keen men at first. Here——"
..rnahan handed him his ash stick.
..Slope Arms!" he said simply. Grim-
.. his own time. It was nearly
...

..rder Arms!" said Kernahan.
..s movement was executed as perfectly
..n be done with a walking-stick.
.. took back his stick.
.. can't do it for toffee nuts," he
...

.., I know I can't. But I felt sure——"
..rnahan laughed.
.. I was merely taking the part of the
..eant-Major," he said. "If you did it like
..veran he would n't be such an ass as to tell
..You did it perfectly first time out. You'd
.. complaint. It's known as swelled
.. Sc..ott has contracted it himself."
.. ..ed up the paper.
.. ..y winners to-day?" he asked,
..ging the subject.
.. I feel sure I should have done it
..next time——"
..see our Colonel-in-Chief won a race
..Fine thing for the sport——"
..It was only nervousness, you know, Mr.
..rnahan. But I'm afraid there won't be
..next time. I don't know whether they'd
..time to pay the five pounds."
..Oh, if you will talk rot I may as well tell
..that it's easier to get time to pay forty
.. and costs from the Police than to
.. discharge from our relentless Adjutant
..Free Purchase System. However——"
..rnahan dived a hand into his breast
...

..I suppose you've made up your mind to
..it if you can?" he said, with morbid
...

.. the man sorrowfully. "I
.. ed but——"
.. his head sadly.
.. said Trooper Kernahan, "you see
.. a measure responsible. I persuaded
.. because I knew you for a good
.. a good shot, if only at rough
.. the Pawleston Farm. Still you
..titude for the one and the eye for
..t if you're so determined, well—
.. five pounds. I'll lend it you
.. must pay me back a pound a
...

..end me the money!" asked the

Grimshaw blinked.

Kernahan held it out to him.

"Why aren't you blessing my name for offering to get you out of your durance vile?" he said, tauntingly. "Come. There's the five pounds. Take it and post it on to the Adjutant to-morrow. Get out of the K. O. !"

Kernahan kept his palm open for perhaps a minute while Grimshaw stared at the money, but made no move to take it.

Then Kernahan suddenly closed his hand.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you wouldn't chuck the Squadron if I *gave* you the fiver. Which is a good job—for the Squadron."

ROOK SHOOTING.

In a great many rural districts rook shooting is a very popular pastime among those who have not the right to any other kind of shooting, and farmers encourage the sport because it tends to reduce the numbers of these feathered enemies of theirs.

The pastime offers considerable tests of marksmanship, too, because rooks generally build in tall trees, and the height at which they have their being calls for practically overhead shooting, a very difficult business especially with a small-bore rifle.

Although it is not favoured by a certain type of man who likes to pose as an expert, the high-power air-gun is a useful weapon for rook-shooting. It has, however, the drawback of being a nuisance to load. Be sure, however, that you get a good one, as the cheap variety is apt to explode with disastrous results to the owner's face and hands.

DOMESTIC ASSASSINS.

Negligent as she is in most respects, there are two things upon which the average slavey expends her utmost energy. They are the blackleading of the cover of the coal-shoot and the polishing of the floor of the entrance-hall.

Why in most houses the mouth of the coal-shoot should come directly beside the front door, is best known to the builders; but there it is, and Mary Jane, probably in rivalry with Gladys Ermyntrude next door, keeps the metal cover of the shoot black-leaded and highly slippery.

The members of the household do not usually appreciate the danger, for they know the position of this man-trap and step aside, but many a visitor comes a cropper.

As to the polishing of the floor of the entrance-hall, she probably lets herself go in this respect because the evidence of her diligence is so obvious—too obvious for the safety of the family.

One may learn to walk on highly-polished linoleum or tiled parquetry without falling, but when mats are laid on top, the performance of walking along such a passage becomes worthy of the name of art, and even amounts to heroism, for many a man has fallen on such an inglorious field.

GYM. MEMORIES.

STORIES TOLD BY A GYMNASIUM INSTRUCTOR.

Just as the instructor in a riding-school sees more fun in the anxious endeavours of raw novices to hang on to their steeds than do those unfortunate riders themselves, so does the instructor in a gym. extract quite a lot of quiet humour out of his periodical hours of tuition.

I remember one occasion, a good many years ago now, when I was in charge of the gymnasium at a big public school. It strikes me as fairly funny now, but I was pretty angry about it then.

A new boy had lately come to the school; and on his first visit to the gym. I put him through—or tried to put him through—an exercise for which my pupils were quite famous at the time—namely, a somersault over the vaulting horse.

Now, I must tell you that the boy in question was a Chinaman, the heir to some illustrious grandee in his own country, and he was indignant at being asked to perform any such unprincely evolution as a somersault over the vaulting horse. So he was kind enough to spit in my face and rush out of the hall.

The headmaster afterwards explained the theory of gymnastics to him, and he apologised to me, but he never did any more gymnastic exercises.

I saw a practical joker taken down very neatly in a gymnasium once.

A big chap called Armytage was hanging on the rings one night with his feet downwards, preparing for the strain of pulling himself into a horizontal position. Well, the fool in question crept up underneath and proceeded to tickle him under the ankles with a stiff feather. Armytage was very sensitive just there, and he kicked out like a horse, catching the joker a lovely one with the flat of his foot, that sent him spinning across the room.

A rather amusing thing once showed me how little some women know about sport. At one school where I was instructor we used to work in the open in the very hot weather. Well, I was teaching the boys on this occasion how to "lead" and "get away" in boxing. This is done, as you know, in three movements—step forward of the left leg, bring up right, and another step forward of the left—for the "lead," and reversing these movements in their direct turn for the "get back."

Imagine me doing these movements rhythmically, with a long line of boys behind me doing the same thing.

The headmistress of a girls' school close by, who had come to call on my headmaster's wife, happened to be passing, and said gushingly to me. "How nicely the little lads dance, to be sure!"

Members of a certain Bradford gymnasium may recollect this event, which I witnessed during a visit there about five years ago.

They had got a new member, a white-faced, skinny youngster from London, who compared miserably with the sturdy, ruddy-cheeked Yorkshireman. One of the evening's events was high-jumping; and the gym.'s crack member did 5ft. 4in. neatly, using the modern sideways action. The Londoner was rather jeeringly invited to have a go, and he did.

Rushing up to the bar like a mad bull, straight forward, he caused shouts of laughter, which, however, soon stopped, when they saw that he had cleared the 5ft. 4in. mark by inches, and that by jumping straight, as a horse does. He afterwards did 5ft. 6in. in the same way. He turned out to be the son of a famous professional athlete of the old school.

H. C.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

COAT EDGES.

Old suits have some of the comforting properties of old friends, and you are always unwilling to part with an old suit that really fits you.

Your love for it, however, does not make you blind to its shortcomings, and one of the chief of these is the mis-shapen edges that the years have brought to the coat.

The cloth on the inside bulges out and forms a new edge beside the buttons.

This is due to the weather which that jacket has seen. It has got wet more than once, and the cloth on the outer side has shrunk a little, while that on the inside has retained its previous fullness. The outside of the jacket being thus drawn back, the under part is bound to bulge out.

This does not occur on the side of the jacket where the buttonholes come, because the stitching of the buttonholes runs well back from the edge of the coat, and thus keeps the underside in its proper place. This gives you the tip for remedying the bulging on the other side.

Simply get your wife or your sister or your landlady to tack the bulging part back by lightly stitching it to the upper side of the coat. It is important that the stitches should not come actually through the cloth, as that would make them drag the coat.

TORN TIES.

I have mentioned the affection that a man has for a comfortable old jacket, and something of the same sentimental value frequently attaches to a tie.

It may be a tie in the colours of one of your first clubs, and although you could get a new tie in the same colours, there are associations about the original, and you are loath to part with it, even although it has become torn.

The place where a tie usually gives out is just beside the knot on the right-hand side; that is, just where the broad end of the tie begins to widen out from the narrower neck part.

The best plan under such circumstances is to have the torn part carefully sewn, and then to tie the knot in a different position.

Arrange your tie so that the mended part is entirely hidden by the fold of your double collar, and form the knot from part of the wide end of the tie.

I do not know whether I have made my meaning clear, but it simply amounts to this, that when you start tying the knot, you don't have the two sides of the tie of about equal length, but pull the narrow end till it is about four inches longer than the other. This will bring the torn part well inside the collar.

In making a knot with the wide part of a tie, it will be necessary for you to fold the tie in two, so as to make it sufficiently narrow for the knot. Below the knot the wide end will spread out in the ordinary manner.

This arrangement is, of course, only possible with a tie that is sufficiently long, and only with a double collar.

GLOVES AND HOLIDAYS.

Let me repeat at this holiday season a suggestion which I think I have made before. When you are going off to the seaside or into the depths of the country, leave your gloves behind you.

Gloves are merely out of place in such surroundings. They are necessary in town to keep one's hands clean, but unless they are required for warmth, or for driving or riding, one does not need them in the pure air of the country.

To my mind, at least, change is the essence of a holiday, and it must be manifested in dress as in everything else.

It takes the edge off a holiday altogether if you put on just the same clothes that you wear every day in the city.

I do not say that at the seaside town one can cast respectability to the winds and put on any old clothes, but one does not look for the same smartness that one would expect in Bond Street.

Gloves and silver-mounted walking-sticks always seem to me to be opposed to the spirit of a holiday. Therefore I leave them at home.

SPURS.

A reader asks me the correct place for wearing spurs. One frequently sees in pictures, particularly in tailors' catalogues, men in riding kit with their spurs on that part of the heel on which the cavalryman wears his when in walking-out order.

This, I presume, is because artists are very seldom practical horsemen.

When spurs are worn with Wellingtons and overalls, they are, of course, fitted on the actual heel of the boot, but when they are used for riding they ought to come just below the seam that joins the lower part of the boot to the upper part; that is to say, they should be exactly behind the heel of your foot, and not behind the solid heel of the boot.

In the hunting field last season, some of the younger bloods attempted to introduce a fashion of wearing the spurs about two inches higher than that, so that they came almost on the back of the ankle.

It was only a fad, and it did not catch on, for spurs worn in such a position could be of no practical use.

Talking of spurs, it is always best to have the boots with which you intend wearing them fitted with spur stops. These are small bits of leather stitched on to the back of your boot so that the spurs can rest upon them.

This prevents them from slipping down and getting out of place.

PIPES AND CLOTHES.

A correspondent asks me whether it is incorrect for a man to smoke a pipe while he is wearing a morning-coat and silk hat.

It is incorrect, and the same thing applies to the wearing of a frock-coat or evening dress.

The edict recently went forth to certain regiments in Ireland that the men were not to smoke pipes while in uniform. They were to confine themselves to cigars or cigarettes. For my own part, I do not like to see a man smoking a pipe when in uniform, although I knew one dear old colonel who invariably did so after mess.

A pipe is a free and easy sort of thing. It is not, if I may use the expression, a full dress smoke, and while I do not like to see it used by men in uniform, I may say that it is positively incorrect for a man wearing a morning-coat, a frock-coat, or evening dress.

THE NUMBER OF BUTTONS.

I can well remember the time when nearly every man had two buttons on the cuffs of his coat. Then fashion demanded that he should have three, and three it remained for several years.

Certain tailors, to please certain customers, carry the button idea to ridiculous lengths, and the other evening I saw a man who was very showily and very badly dressed, with nine buttons on the cuffs of his coat.

Anything in the way of exaggeration is, of course, in very bad taste, and you are safe to avoid a ridiculous number of buttons like that. Beyond this extreme, however, you can pretty well please yourself.

Three buttons are quite correct, but

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ons, or even one, are, at the moment, er more fashionable, while many men are pensing with buttons on their cuffs gether.

OE NOVELTY.

have just seen a pair of shoes which, to at least, were something new. hey were worn by a young man in a well- wn restaurant. He was tastefully dressed a light grey lounge suit, but the thing that ck me most about his clothes was his es.

hey were brown brogue shoes of the usual tern, with this exception, that each had, ides the usual laces, a small strap and kle at the top. The buckle was fixed on the outer side of shoe, and the strap came across from the er side. It was about the size of an inary breeches strap. t did not look at all bad, but I must fess that I failed to see its utility, and it somewhat reminiscent of those unsightly minations, cycling shoes.

PTING COATS.

In the adoption of any fashion a man ht to be guided by his own common- se and good taste, and should modify the shion if necessary. The Highland ghillie, with his rough home- n clothes, has, to some extent, set the shion for the English sportsman who goes oting, and this sportsman has, in turn, set e fashion for certain others who stay at me.

Donald may have chosen the best material r such a draughty place as Scotland, but ick homespuns are by no means suitable for sting in a hotter climate. Enterprising manufacturers, however, are ow producing homespuns that are just as ugh as the old-fashioned thick variety, but r are much lighter and cooler, and, more- over, they are of shades that are not so un- easant to look upon. There is no reason why a sporting coat ould be either heavy or ugly.

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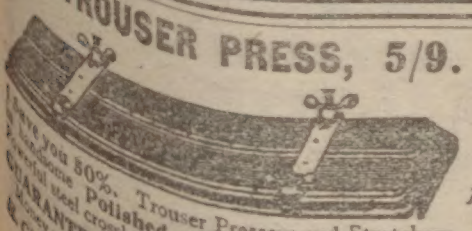

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A SPORTSMAN'S HINT TO SPORTS COMMITTEES.

Nowadays nearly every business house has its sports club, which provides opportunities for all of its members to indulge, at a fairly cheap rate, on the whole, in almost every kind of sport of the ordinary sort.

There are rifle, swimming, football, cricket, tennis, hockey, walking, running, rowing, and other sections, and all are fairly well patronised and established.

Most of these sections hold contests during the seasons, and the keenness of the members rises to a great pitch. The club notice board is scanned daily by interested members, and the committee's doings are watched with eagerness.

There are never wanting those members who seem to exist to criticise everything that is done or suggested. They may have their purpose. Probably they do. The clubs exist in spite of them, and may be the better for their criticism.

UNWILLING TO OBJECT.

There are, however, many members who are by circumstances debarred from criticism. These are the winners of prizes, who are not supposed to "look a gift horse in the mouth."

But there is a very real and sensible bit of criticism which many a prize-winner has longed to utter, and which only his good feeling has prevented him from voicing.

This is on the subject of the sporting-medals, which seem to be the only things sports committees ever think of presenting.

Those big clubs which have ample funds can afford expensive cups, which are at least an ornament for a man's room, but in the smaller events in the medium-sized clubs, there is a mania for presenting medals—silver or gold—gold, that is, of a kind, chiefly the nine carat variety.

This giving of medals is prevalent in events where teams compete. Thus in tugs-of-war, in rowing matches, cricket teams, and all events where several sportsmen are engaged at the same time, silver or gold medals are presented to each member of the winning team.

In the course of a few seasons it often happens that a sportsman will accumulate half a dozen of these little trinkets. What does he do with them?

STORED AWAY.

A friend gave me an answer to this question the other day. He was leaving his diggings and was clearing up. In one of the drawers he came upon a whole collection of these trinkets. Some were little round medals, some were little shields, some were neither square nor round, some were chased, some were plain, and only a couple were of any real value, possibly, as watch chain ornaments.

My friend broke out.

"I know you have nothing to do with the buying of prizes in our club," he said, "so I can speak my mind to you.

"It puzzles me," he went on, "to tell why in the world committees will go on giving these wretched trinkets to members of winning teams.

"Look here," he continued. "I have eleven of them. Not one of them is worth more than a few bob."

Then in bitter humour he added: "I can't even pawn them!"

I agreed that all he could do was to put them away in a drawer and let them lie there to be forgotten, but I ventured to ask, "What else could the committee give?"

"Give?" he echoed. "Why a pipe, a pouch, or even a dozen boxes of matches would be preferable to these useless, and often ugly trinkets of rough silver and cheap gold."

Whereupon I determined to suggest, by an article on the subject, that the sports committees should change their tactics in future and stop giving away these useless things.

WANTED, SOMETHING USEFUL.

A man would much rather have half-a-pound of good tobacco than a medal which he would not wear on his watch chain for anything.

Besides, he cannot hang each trinket on the chain as he wins it, like a savage and his scalps.

The subject is one which is a serious grievance among sportsmen, who would rather have nothing at all than a medal which is entirely useless and usually anything but ornamental.

Club committees please note.

G. BARCLAY.

[We shall be interested to know what our readers think on this subject.—EDITOR.]

HOOLIGAN CLUBS.

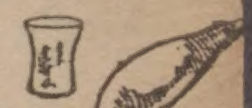
WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

It is a strange fact that, while an extensive type of would-be social reformer lays the blame for the hooliganism that is rife in certain London suburbs and some of the provincial towns at the door of the hotel and the beerhouse, they seem to be entirely blind to an institution which is also instrumental in fostering the evil.

We are alluding to the apparently entirely innocuous little shops, usually "general grocery" and sweet shops, where a large trade is done in lemonade and non-alcoholic beer. Anybody who takes the trouble to investigate one or two of these shops, especially in the Western and South-Western suburbs of London, will see that they are the resort of a particularly unpleasant and rapidly-growing type of young hooligan. They have all the vices of the old type of footpad and thief, without one of the latter's very few manly qualities. They are arrant cowards. Stand up to them and they won't fight. Their favourite "lay" is picking the pockets of poor working women and small children in the friendly gloom of the "penny picture show."

The reason why they favour these sweetstuff and lemonade shops is that they realise that the police pay little attention to such establishments. Thus they can club together for a large bottle of patent non-alcoholic beer, smoke cheap "fags" to their hearts' content, and pass penny or sixpenny betting slips over the counter under a specious guise of temperate innocence.

The worst aspect of the unsavoury business is that perfectly innocent youngsters, going into these places for ginger beer or ice cream, are liable to be corrupted by the young blackguards who make the shop their rendezvous.



BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

P. B. (Fareham).—We cannot quite fathom the reason why your horse should get rubbed underneath the girth, but probably the friction is caused through the girth not being sufficiently tight.

H. P. (Renfrew).—We have never heard of any advertised remedy for curing the habit of biting one's nails, but various bitter substances are supplied by chemists for this purpose. They are, however, chiefly used in the case of children. A grown man ought to have sufficient self-restraint to check the habit.

A. G. H. (Ripley).—The Editor's photograph appeared in No. 52, and also in No. 104.

W. R. VICKERS, 14, Connaught Road, Reading, would like to correspond with a reader in Australia.

B. S. (London, E.C.).—Any bookseller will supply you with a volume of model letters. Prices range from a penny upwards. It is never advisable, however, to use any such models for private correspondence. The art of writing a private, friendly letter is simply to write as you would talk.

R. G. (Dunston-on-Tyne).—Better consult a commercial directory, which gives the addresses of all British firms of importance, classified under their various trades.

H. C. H. (Lincoln).—Of course.

T. R. (Nottingham).—You can obtain THE MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco from Messrs. A. and O. Parker, tobacconists, Empire Quadrant, Nottingham.

L. W. PEIRCE, 40, Embleton Road, Lewisham, S.E., desires to communicate with another reader who will join him on his holidays, from September 2 to September 10, to go to Llanberis, near Snowdon.

F. J. C. (Torquay).—If your voice is good, you might possibly be able to increase your income to a considerable extent by accepting engagements in your spare time, but we do not advise you to throw up your present job and come to London with a view to making your living by singing. There are already many in London with considerable talent who cannot get engagements.

H. S. (York).—Many thanks for the photograph of yourself and your friends. You look a fine, muscular set of chaps. We should like to have written to you personally, but you omitted to put your address on the postcard.

A. D. M. (Peckham).—We are much obliged to you for leaving your copy of THE MODERN MAN in the train every week. It is most exhilarating to know that our readers take such a personal interest in the welfare of the paper. Our best thanks to you.

J. J. (Manchester).—Give up vegetarianism, take plenty of exercise and a little more hopeful view of life generally, and you'll be all right.

F. B. (Canonbury).—False teeth will not debar you from joining the Army, provided you are fit in other respects. For conditions of service, etc., apply to your nearest post-office, where you can obtain pamphlets, giving full particulars, free of charge.

H. J. G. (Dundee).—It is very difficult to recommend any sort of spare-time employment. You should look out for a better-paid job, and certainly give all advertisers who offer spare-time employment a wide berth.

D. McP. (Glasgow).—The principal thing when cleaning your leggings is to see that you remove every spot of mud before you apply any polish. If you do this you will secure the glossy surface that is always to be observed on the leggings of chauffeurs.

T. J. (Blackburn), **F. H. B.** (G.P.O., London), **S. S.** (Banbury), **W. H.** (Lincoln), **C. B. G.** (Leytonstone), **J. G. N.** (Weston-super-Mare), **T. B.** (Llanelly), **E. H.** (Bradford), **C. P. J.** (Melbourne), **V. S.** (Margate), **L. E. D.** (Redhill), **W. B.** (Eastbourne).—Our salaams to you.

A DOUBLE EVENT.—*(Continued from page 16).*

ham bank affair should obtrude itself upon him on the quiet banks of the Tavy that day.

On his way up stream he reached a spot where further progress was cut off by a high escarpment, rising from the river's edge. The sides were covered with stunted trees and bushes, from between which a grey, lichen-spotted rock peeped up here and there.

Quinten looked up at the slope doubtfully. It was a stiff climb, and he was debating whether to make his way round or wade past through the stream.

While his eyes were still raised to the slope he saw a figure dart out from a plantation of firs at the top and disappear among the bushes. In an instant he was on the alert, quietly waiting developments. He knew what it meant. His detective instincts told him that the man was endeavouring to escape from some danger that threatened him—the danger of falling into the clutches of the law most probably.

The fugitive came crashing down through the bushes at breakneck speed. His head popped up for an instant once or twice, and then disappeared again. He was endeavouring to screen himself as much as possible from anyone who might look down from above.

Below, on the grassy patch at the foot of the slope, the detective waited—alert, watchful. His eye was on the clump of bushes from which the fugitive must emerge.

The bushes were parted, and a hot, fear-haunted face appeared. A young man, breathless and panting, jumped down—and landed in his haste almost right in the arms of the detective.

The frightened gasp which escaped him told that he had discovered his mistake too late. A cry followed it—a cry of recognition and dismay.

"Quinten!" he exclaimed, falling back before the other. "*You* here?"

"As you perceive," was the reply. "I am afraid I must ask you to give an account of yourself, Ralstone. You appear to be in danger of capture. What have you been up to?"

Ralstone saw one hope for him, one chance of escape, and he jumped at it.

"It's—it's the Tottenham bank affair," he began.

"Ah!"

"Wait—don't mistake, Quinten. I had nothing to do with it; I swear I hadn't. I am as innocent of all concern in it as you are yourself."

"Then how——"

"It's just this way. The police down here have information that one of the men concerned in the fraud—it was a clever forgery, you know—is supposed to be staying somewhere in the neighbourhood. For some reason they dropped upon me, and I barely managed to give them the slip. They are after me at the present moment."

"But you say you were not implicated in any way?"

"No more I was. I give you my word on that, Quinten, man to man. But—but there are other things against me, you know. If I am taken, and those old scores are raked up, it's bound to end in a conviction. You see, I know the men. I was associated with them for a time, and——"

"You know the men?"

"I do! but don't ask me their names, Quinten. I'm bound in honour not to betray them. Besides, if I did, it would make little difference. They would simply turn round and declare that I was hand in glove with them in the business. I am cornered on every side."

He was in a corner at the moment, truly. Behind him was the steep slope down which he had plunged; in front, blocking the way, the menacing figure of the detective.

"Let me go, Quinten!" he broke out. "Don't stop me, for Heaven's sake! I tell you I'm sick of this crooked game. I've decided to chuck it, once and for all, and make a fresh start in the Colonies. I've booked my passage from Plymouth. I was lying low here for a few days until the boat sailed. Look; here is the ticket."

He drew from his pocket the ticket—a steerage one—and held it out to the detective. Quinten glanced at it. He said nothing, but looked again at the flushed, appealing face before him.

"For the sake of old times, Quinten," the other pleaded. "You remember the old home where you used to visit us when I was a boy. You remember Lilian, my sister. You were fond of her, Quinten. And—and, Quinten, so she was of you. She whispered it to me before she died. For her sake——"

The man who thought he had no feelings winced.

"Drop that!" he said, almost fiercely.

"Give me this one chance," the younger man begged. "If I'm dragged into this forgery case it will mean a long sentence, and dropping back into the old life afterwards. In the Colonies I can start with a clean sheet."

"You give me your word you had nothing to do with the Tottenham case?"

"Nothing. I swear it."

"And you promise, as a man, to stick to the straight course in future?"

"I do. There's my hand on it."

He held out his hand, and Quinten gripped it in silence, and so the promise was ratified.

"You had better be off at once," Quinten said. "Get to Plymouth as fast as you can. Wait a moment, though. How are you off for funds?"

Ralstone forced a smile—a sickly one.

"It was as much as ever I could do to scrape enough together for a steerage ticket."

"Here, then, take this."

Quinten picked out a note from his pocket-book and thrust it into Ralstone's hand. "Now, be off. No, not that way, you young fool," he added hastily, as Ralstone was about to turn down stream. "Don't you see there's somebody coming in that direction? Get back up the slope—quick!"

Ralstone needed no second bidding.

Scarcely had he disappeared before the person who was coming up stream reached the spot. It was Major Spiller.

"I saw you talking to someone," he said to Quinten. "Who was the fellow? He seemed to make off in a desperate hurry."

Quinten laid down his rod before replying.

"Oh, that youngster?" he answered carelessly. "Well, between ourselves, I believe he was one of the men supposed to be implicated in the Tottenham bank forgery. You may have heard of the case. The rascals collared seven hundred in so by means of a forged cheque."

"What!" cried the Major. "*He* was one of them, was he? A forger! And you allowed him to escape?"

"I did," replied Quinten. "It was no particular concern of mine, you see. Besides. . . . Hullo! What's that?"

"Where?"

"Down the stream yonder."

The major swung round in the direction. He saw nothing—but he felt something. He felt his arms suddenly pinioned behind his back.

He jerked round his head.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" he cried.

"I should say," replied Quinten, "it means about ten years for you, my friend."

There was a wrench, a struggle, and a tussle lasting several minutes, more than once during which they were in danger of rolling into the river.

When two of the county constabulary, who had been searching for Ralstone, arrived on the scene they were considerably surprised to find a gentleman in fishing attire kneeling on the chest of another gentleman, from whose upper lip a fine military-looking moustache had been displaced.

The former, still holding his man down, handed them a card which showed that he was Inspector Quinten, of Scotland Yard. The latter did not present his card. It was left to Quinten to introduce him as James Felton, the bank forger, the man "wanted" in connection with the Tottenham case.

So, as it turned out, Quinten pulled off a double event on the banks of the Tavy that day.

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Whole plate camera by Watsons, London, with tripod stand, 3 slides, leather case, and 2 Aplanat lenses, A. No. 3 and C. No. 2 by Suter, Basle; £5, cost £40.—Box 4874, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high-grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

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Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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